



### **Toxic people & Psychic vampires**

I was born and raised by a toxic, vampiric mother. She fits in the class of a broken woman & psychic vampire; so does my sister like mother like daughter and examining the family bloodline reveals it runs very far back on both sides of the family [egregore](#). A lot of hurt and pain. Ancestral wounds are many all rooting in this; alcoholism, drug abuse, mental abuse, eccentricity, lots of abuse by males and females, etc. I was born into a butt load of pain. Seems like life was one prolonged DNS. When a child is born into a dysfunctional family misconceiving it as normal; the myth of normal is what s/he learns from environment, and all the kid knows is abnormal misperceived as normal; all the while sensing something is terribly wrong when experiencing the world absent these traits as one does going to school and when observing other families, individuals and how they conduct selves in a healthier ways. John Lennon said it perfectly, 'They hurt you at home and hit you at school; till you are so fucking crazy you can't live by their rules.' He died for his sanity in this inmate run asylum. When outside of the forest, the trees of dysfunction show up clearly, but one does not know what to make of them; I tried to run away from home, even tried suicide at 10 to escape the Looney bin; I, as soul, knew I was not crazy but my world certainly was. John Lennon said, 'behind every idiot is a woman.' Sigmund Freud, said" before blaming self as the problem be sure you are not surrounded by assholes.<sup>3</sup> [Smells like shit in here,

must be all these assholes.]" Met quite a few throughout life that matched his description.<sup>3</sup> Most runaways are from dysfunctional homes like mine or worse; escaping from toxic environments is an organism's first survival response. All organisms either escape, adjust to the conditions or die coping. Most runaways simply disappear from frying pan into the fire. When you are a kid not many options exist in a 'socialist' dysfunctional big people's world for desperate kids seeking escape from it especially in the era I grew up in; the early 1900's was one of the most brutal periods worldwide even in USA. Great Depression, WW2, socialist govt destroying American independence into abject enslavement to govt dependence, etc. The cancer of world communism infecting US, and elsewhere. Nikita Krushchev in 1954 prophesied ['we will feed Americans small doses of collectivism until one day it is communist.'] It has happened like he said; colleges and education is a seed bed of Marxist ideology so are the graduates that will soon own this world. Child slavery was still rife in 1900's notwithstanding useless unenforced laws against it; my dad underwent child slavery to support his mom and her brood of kids; no two were of the same father. Too many 'bucks,' methinks. I once met a snake-skirt, that is an Indian medicine woman. I asked her what was the most requested spell. She said, 'a honey-trap' 'requested from women to bewitch her man never to leave her.' 'Hmm m, wonder if she ever heard of being civil and loving; a vinegar, sugar and flies thing. He might stay around longer,' I muttered. Snakeskirt simply smiled and went ummm-hmm. Grandma let dad out as a child to child grunt slavery at 8, which was common for boys then. Consequently he never got an education above lower grade school. Talk about weight of the world crushing you under a guilt trip; tell me again about the all powerful patriarchy and male privilege. He was expendable, nothing new about that. Tell me again about the non-existent matriarchy and an overruling patriarchy oppressing women? To survive he ate from garbage cans behind restaurants like the hobo's of that period taught him to do; he learned a lot of street survival from them; today they are called homeless and are still mostly men: I suppose patriarchy oppressing women did that? What food he could salvage went home to his family living in whatever hovel they could find. Remember FDR's socialist's were in charge; that should tell you what they really think of the common rabble; right now they are love bombing and brainwashing women & our kids with propaganda for a textbook modern Marxist coup de tat'. Times were tough in socialist USA for people back then; still is for an increasing majority, mostly men; more patriarchy I suppose? Homeless women have sundry shelters; men sleep in the streets. [Marxism, collectivism, socialism, spreads misery equally](#) except in USA, men get the lions share of it including blame for the boogey man under her bed patriarchy. Now days it seems only certain aspects in a divide and conquer show up as suffering; the rest is censored by lame mass media and politics. Lame Marxist mass media toot's happy days are here again with lies that [those people want to be homeless, starving](#), etc. Just be happy now they will go away or better yet live in denial and don't see them until it happens to you; then it is all your fault

no socialism's failures, again. The answer? More socialism. Daily court square floggings will continue until party attitude improves.....

"Socialism spreads misery equally," said Winston Churchill. Some people are more equal than others so men of the patriarchy receive more misery while the unequal matriarchy receives benefits. A few cult religion soup kitchens were social safety nets back in dad's era to only a few; they came with a price; listen to holy roller button holier sermons seeking cult members in exchange for a miserly meal. Many people, especially kids starved to death while socialists lived very well as parasites on the people, as they still do. There is your class struggle; rabble useless eaters against the privileged socialist's. As a child slave dad was cheap and expendable, grunt labor. Child death & disappearance was common same as it is now; but back then you did not see these missing waifs photo's on milk cartons; they vanished; if one died, no problem ditch the body and hire another from hundreds in line seeking work, food, homes or just a kind face not out to exploit him. Most 'employers' did not pay him except with a rake across the teeth to shut up and go away, or else; some of the meaner one's simply killed a demanding kid. What was a kid to do? Govt, cops, politicians, religions, the whole system are all in on the sham. That was and remains of US corrupt corporate America and govt that grown men [fought for and against for same reasons](#). You know the matriarchy that sacrifices males as unwilling sacrifices to her gods at birth with genital mutilation then later as cannon fodder press ganged into useless wars only for men through violence of law enforced with prison and/or a gun. Tell me again about patriarchal privilege. How many men unwillingly died during US wars in 1900's alone? Millions, how many women '0' and she is oppressed? All manner of slavery, poverty and privation in America was socialism, FDR's New Deal truths that we never hear about in history books. Now we have a bastard version of it called Green New Deal. Socialist enslavement fails everywhere it is attempted, as it is doing in US, but still goes on today by popular useful idiot vote stealing elections; open your eyes it is there at the end of your nose most everywhere in USA and world, just ask the exploited immigrants, street people, runaway, exploited, political asylum dissidents escaping tyranny and murdered kids, and cops who deal with it up close and personal how good they have it under socialism..... I recall not being paid for a weeks work stiffed by crooked employers; often I had to settle for a meal as payment by restaurants for a day's pay; take it or leave hungry kid. As my dad, I managed to survive, anyway. There is no difference in socialism or communism or capitalism; Ayn Rand said, 'Socialism is death at the ballot box, communism is death through a gun barrel; either way it is suicide.' **Socialists have ceased to offer a positive alternative to the capitalist system.** "I am no longer a socialist, but I still am a 'conservative' Marxist" wrote the late Christopher Hitchens.

Hitler's NAZI democratic socialism was no different than Stalin's democratic socialism, USSR, and Mao's Chinese democratic communism. Tyranny is what tyranny does. Proof is rife in the world now as in the past; only

fools ignore myriad, sundry warnings everywhere especially in USA. Genocide? US still holds title for a 500 years genocide of native American Indians and buffalo. 180-220 million natives were murdered, starved, lynched, looted, infected with pilgrim diseases on purpose using smallpox infected blankets given as 'love offerings'....that is the Xtian love offering for you. America holds title for influencing the world's despots, Hitler, Mao, Stalin, Pol Pot and more mass murderers in dispatching party undesirables. Whether branded as socialism, communism, capitalism, collectivism, whatever, 'ism' it is the same: hire the best slaves for the least outlay possible and work them to death; free, paying nothing is best to the people profiting from trafficking human slave labor of any race. Major US corporations are still at it to give American's cheap toys; can you say Chinese sweat shops supplying major companies and merchants? Whether from asylum seekers, dissidents, immigrants makes no difference a warning ignored is a fool's destruction. Dissident escapees like Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, wrote the Gulag Archipelago exposing Stalin's system of secret soviet slave camps that he rotted in most of his life after Stalin betrayed him. myriad sundry writers, survivors exposed Nazi concentration camps, Jewish holocaust and gulag systems of the world; don't forget those who survived such terrors and lived to tell their recounts of it, the transgenerational trauma of their ancestors passed to descendants; don't forget those few who rebelled who lived to tell about it. Don't forget the 'Good Germans' who looked the other way playing dumb or worse profiteering from the atrocities - for instance one major US corp provided cyanide pellets for gas chambers, or those just doing their jobs as 'good little Nazis' like our 'Good upstanding F\*- isms & leftist's' here in USA screaming we are not all like the misandrists or hate men. Not all 'good Germans' hated Jews but they did nothing to help them either notwithstanding a few true heroes like Oscar Schindler; most Good Germans lived in denial to look the other way; or 'just did my job or followed orders' as good Nazi useful idiots persecuting, murdering and torturing Jews and political prisoners in Nazi death camps. The US hides behind lies calling political prisoners drug war offenders. China and Russia still call them political dissidents. Different means same ends.

***The Good Useful Idiot.***

***First they came for the Socialists, and I did not speak out—  
Because I was not a Socialist.***

***Then they came for the Trade Unionists, and I did not speak out—  
Because I was not a Trade Unionist.***

***Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out—  
Because I was not a Jew.***

***Then they came for me—and there was no one left to speak for me.***

**We always shoot the useful idiots last. Yuri Bezmenov, Russian defector.**

Notice when ruled by lies, tyrants always rule by the lie, and they bump up to truth there always is a violent reaction. However, when truth bumps up against lies, no reaction. Truth stands up against the lie as inviolate. Lie cannot stand being challenged, in any way ever, which applies to all 'isms.' When truth encounters the F\* word the F\*-ism folds like a house of cards in a windstorm.

Understand that the massive suffering of the earlier centuries was to feed the earth's dark energy feeders or psychic vampires or the 'ghosts of earth' that live here. That is why playing with dark magik, witchcraft and similar dark forces is unwise. It will harm you; beware. This is not to say avoid using psychic protective blocks defensively. These are purely defensive tactics that work. An old saying, 'Trust in Allah but tie up your camel.' The simpler the better. I know they work because the blocked person's etheric shows up at night that I can see as their physical form but stops a certain distance away, if it gets in at all and just blankly stares at me or I never hear from the person again, which is best. Sometimes they do get through and are puzzled as to why they have so much trouble doing so or feel repelled & uncomfortable in my presence and want to run away from me. Good, run and fast. They know I'm blocking them without knowing how or why. It is a toxic energy reversal put to good use. I once knew a lady in the apartment complex where we lived. She taught me some of her safe psychic blocking rituals and a lot of occult lore; pretty wild stuff to new ears. The bitch-witch upstairs had it out for my friend; she would evil eye her, draw pentagrams in chalk in front of or on her apt door and cast spells on her. My friend was also a witch. She knew reasons why the attacks, from where and reversed her attacker's spells. Knowing you are being attacked and from where and whom automatically reverses the dark spell 'return to sender.' She knew they worked because the woman upstairs would run down & bang on my friend's door screaming what are you doing in there after her spells came back to punish her! Witches warfare next door and upstairs. These birds prey on people's ignorance like most else in this human jungle to do her deeds. It is upsetting to meet her match or better as a foe. Life is too unreal, you can't make up this stuff. Nothing is more violent than two women fighting, quoted Erin Pizzy. My friend in an odd way turned me on to metaphysics and occult 101. Furthermore when used, blocked persons don't have psychic links to me anymore. So I am not picking up their negative vibes, as it were, that once drove me crazy when around dark people in crowds. First thing I had to learn is to separate what is mine and what is someone else's emotional baggage. Empaths pick up a lot of garbage from others.

Living in an apt complex was hell for me, especially with two warring witches in proximity, until learning onus for my thoughts while blocking out other people's garbage. Unblocked, their vibes get through as unwanted thoughts most empathic people out of ignorance accept as theirs. I simply disconnect them

against such intrusions using psychic blocks. I avoid all spells that even hint of darkness or harm to others or any that do not make outright sense to me. Dion Fortune warned about this stuff in her many books. Turning the other cheek is letting go and allowing karma to settle scores. Karma is perfect justice; I refuse to risk making a bad judgment call; often people do things because s/he is a victim too. Karma separates the grain from chaff and burns it. I have witnessed this too many times to doubt its effectiveness. Occult magik is ignorantly playing with dynamite otherwise messing with black, dark anything in my book is iffy. I've seen some really nasty dark things out there in the etheric netherworld's and wish not to tangle with them in the least; it was bad enough just to encounter them; shadow people are a real trip, but harmless in my experiences.

Understand as stranded spirits, they seek ports through which to escape out of here; each of us is a spiritual bridge between heaven and hell that crosses neither regions; the river Styx of lore as it were is that; we are an exit port, boat and ferryman crossing it as a clocked open bridge; the bound spirits here seek escape crossing over when a port opens and any open port will do; each of us is a light house beacon to kindreds advertising an open port and bridge to wandering earthbound souls; we are the descendant gate keepers to our ancestors as it were while incarnated in this realm. Passover ports are clocked to an egregore; only ancestral spirits from that can pass through once free of earthly bonds holding them here; that is where we come in healing them by healing our inherited ancestral wounds first, but beings bound to the etheric still try to breach open ports as parasites homing in on our light beacons in the darkness like moths to a candle flame. There is a great struggle going on here in earth's unseen worlds. It is a spiritual thing and complicated. It is part of our reason for existing; healing our ancestor's wounds that bind them here; it is our duty as part of a bloodline egregore. Many call this tears in the psychic fabric; it is not; these openings are there for a reason once people understand who, what they are and why they are here. Evidence of this knowledge is tucked away in folklore and many other places. Too much of it is corrupted to mislead and frighten, religion is a chief perversion of the truth. The abstract of Jesus myth redeeming humankind's sins or ancestral wounds roots in myriad sundry lore from cultures worldwide going back millennia, as each of our duties to heal our bloodline wounds that bind wandering ancestor spirits and us to this domain. The Jesus myth simply purloined and plagiarized bits and pieces of those puzzles to create one for Xtianity. A complete reorganization of those texts was done in 300 AD by 3<sup>rd</sup> council of constanople. The texts were rewritten during different eras per political protocol of that era. The KJV was done in the King James regime, for instance. Reading ancient texts will not harm you once at a certain place of awakening. It is wading through the quagmire cess of fake and false information purposely placed there to confuse and mislead, and distract away from truth, which can never be hidden. Religion does this for instance to hide its ritual roots hiding behind a smiley face over its evils. **Religion's pageantry is really ritual witchcraft magik. Of the same type it**

**condemns as pagan blasphemy and heresy.** Most of its roots in pagan origins purloined and tweaked for the Xtian cult deceptions.

Lobsang Rampa of Tibet purposely scattered his esoteric knowledge over 22 books to keep thrill seeker charlatans from capitalizing on it for novelty and gain as the Xtian's have done to other cultures. Did you know that Coptic Xtianity existed in ancient Egypt long before the myth of JC came about? But others purposely mislead to protect their proprietary secrets and maintain ignorance among the unwashed masses, as it were, of what the charlatans are feeding them. Dion Fortune exposes this in her material when warning about using magik for novelty. It can get one in deep trouble quickly. Lobsang Rampa warned of it, too.

Another woman gave me the gateway drug into metaphysics 'Dr. Wayne Dyer.' His original stuff was very informative and helpful but he eventually progressed into another TV evangelist. He was a plagiarist, and got into trouble with new age gurus purloining their materials doing what Lobsang Rampa feared and designed against in his work. What Dyer did was take the self help materials written in the 1800's and early 1900's change them a little then repackage it with his face on it in modern media to resell. As a man thinketh was one instance; F\*-ism did the same rewriting the original *'As a Man Thinketh'* tincturing it with Femsplaining propaganda. Nothing original or novel, just old wine in a new paper box. Edgar Cayce, and a few others long since forgotten made Dyer's hit list, too. Anyone not familiar with the old stuff would never spot those bits and pieces of old works in Dyer's work. He was a salesman's salesman. But he made fame and fortune reselling old wine in new jugs to recent arrivals that religion had got hold of first; people not satisfied by organized religious dogma still seeking answers freeing selves from the mindfuck of Xtian prisons. The real matrix as it were before the meme arrived from Hollywood fantasy factory productions.

For all you justice warriors and other fiction fanatics; dig this; stop wasting your life trying to change the world chasing dust ghosts; you cannot change self and it is always easier to harm others than help and heal self. Self change is tough, world change is impossible and a farce to keep people wasting their lives pursuing fantasies supporting fortune 500 companies. The protestors, drive their F-500 inc cars to a protest site, dine, lodge, refuel, buy trinkets, etc from F-500 inc, protest, waste time and get in limelight of a F-500 inc news media camera, then reverse the process patting each other's ego profiting F-500 inc all the way back to their F-500 inc McMansions. You showed them profits all the way to their F-500 inc banks.

The world is fine, it has been through far worse than a few billion harpy humans; the world can shake us off as a wet dog does water, and has done so 3 times with polar shifts among other means. That is when this earth disco ball spinning at 365,000 MPH suddenly stops in 1 second then reverse spins the other way at 365,000 MPH. Ever puke up your asshole through your nose? Stop saving the whales and planet. You don't know what you are harming; the world is not going anywhere, but you assholes are leaving, soon. Great philosophers, Aristotle, Socrates, Plato, etc, have been writing about this for eons but few read them, they

instead follow Neo-age lemmings to their doom instead. Leo Tolstoy the greatest Russian writer ever among many had much to say about it: 'I lived my life all wrong.... were his final words' you take it from there. Ayn Rand the greatest female mind that ever was or ever will be wrote: "When the world ends it only does so for me; only my experience of it ends, not the world...." F\*- isms seem to forget the real strong women like her and Micky Siebert, who was the first non-token woman who honestly earned her seat on the NYSE BOD; she wrote books, too. Why change the world instead of self? If you waste your life chasing dust ghosts, one day you wake up to have wasted your whole life eating dust to accomplish nothing. All this new age nonsense is old sour wine resold in new jugs to new arrivals for that purpose; old age is coming for you; change that to learn a lesson of what is possible and not. Waste it if you wish; that is your free will and will not choice. You were forewarned by ancestors; they left so many hints only the deaf, dumb, blind village idiots misleading the useful idiots cannot see them. Nothing is new under the sun.....you are the only one you don't know. When asked, a person recites a litany of ego: a degree, gender, identity politics, work or family history, fame, what they eat, drink, drive, choice of gender, mate, etc. Ego not who or what you are or why you exist at all. When the DNS aka existential crisis hits all your sand castles wash away leaving one confused, upset, corporeal being wondering who, what & why? Call it existential crises, menopause, andropause, midlife crisis, whatever. The realization occurs: I will die, I will age, I will get old and sick and very tired; I never lived at all: 'I lived my life all wrong!' No rewind or going back life's reality tunnel is one way in and out. Most resume the paper chase until too exhausted and drained until finally staring inside where you wish never to look to find what is there; nothing. The spirit registers as that in physical domains. You are a soul constructed in corporeality, you don't have a soul, you are one. All fantasies of twin flame, soul mate, romance, ad nauseam are egoic distractions chasing illusions instead of finding your personal sacred truth that only wastes your precious life; souls are dual, however. The other part waits in another realm to unite once you transcend out of this realm to higher spirit hierarchy shaped like a pyramid. This cannot be taught or told to you. It is your duty to find and accept and understand it. Aforewritten is only a map; you must find where 'X' marks the spot. You only.

The psychic vampires we meet in life are smaller representatives of the larger dark principalities ghosts of earth that govern this dualistic realm and planet. This is their home and they belong here since planet birth. Understand the physical is only 1/10th of 1% of this whole, the rest is invisible to us, as is nearly all of the light spectrum, lost in the sea of a spirit world. **We are fish swimming in a spirit world ocean that cannot see the birds flying in the sky above us.** Call them what you may Archons, angels, UFO's, whatever, ad infinitum. They exist; I don't believe it I know it. That is why during your stay in this corporeality it is 'I' never 'us.' 'Us' comes in another dimension and realm when souls as split duality unite as 'us' in singularity; as 'one' of 'The One.' Souls are dual; your



mirror half waits in another realm waiting to unite after you transcend this realm to a higher level of a hierarchy shaped like the pyramid. The top is not the top; you forgot the underground neither-world chambers.

Understand during the billions of years this planet has existed that lost civilizations and more left clues to we descendants. It is up to each one of us to understand them; to free selves. Nothing & nobody will do it for you; those waiting for a savior are failing. Those waiting for mass events are failing. Souls leave here '1x1' after earning the right to choose via 'free will' or 'free will not' CHOICE to remain here or leave it. One must be worthy to make that choice. Then you are allowed to choose to remain here via reincarnation or to transcend and leave. That was the message of Jesus myth on the mount when Satan tempted him. He chose to transcend rejecting the world instead of inheriting a Faustian contract to a king's glory paid as an empire of dust. He chose eternal life as a spirit that never dies instead of death as a reincarnated dust ghost. Ayn Rand said it very nicely: 'When I die the world does not end, only my experience of it ends.' Each of us is a spirit experiencing the physical domain. In the abstract of Jesus after separating the man from myth, his trials prepared him for the ultimate trial: temptation, Dukka, dying and death. That abstract applies to all of us while in physical form, no exceptions. It is our cross to bear before transcending out of earth hell. Here one can have any flavor of religion's proverbial hell desired: from fire and brimstone from heaven, sulphur and demons in a fiery pit - 'which is all modern warfare'- or as a slave to over-dependence on your kids, other people, addictions, etc. Your choice.

Others have written of their borne crosses, too: Viktor Frankl's '*man's search for meaning*' he was a holocaust survivor; many more just like him suffered greatly, too, and lived to tell about it. So much truth exists that only a deaf, dumb, comatose, media distracted village idiot fool cannot know it. No offense to the idiot. John Lennon said, 'they keep you doped up on religion, sex and TV but you are all peasant from what I can see.' Before Johnny Cash's death he did a parting video called 'Hurt.' Very powerful!! That man knew suffering, the blues; he was a king with an empire worldwide and forsook his Faustian contract back to the devil. A hard hitting expression beyond description. Well worth the watch. Find it on YouTube.

Institutionalized Education hides the lies so well one must seek out knowledge and self-educate. See Ayn Rand's "the comprachicos." Real education is self taught not learned in a Comprachico deceptive public education or higher ed institution or reeducation state propaganda system issuing a paper stating that this naked ape is conditioned and trained to collectivist police state propaganda specifications. Most people hide from selves and from life in shelters of higher education, addictions, etc simply so they do not have to face life. Ever hear of career students? They once were a serious problem in free colleges like Berkeley; not sure what resolved it but one does not hear about them anymore; maybe they graduated into Bread, Wine and Circus' with useless PhD degrees to evade student

debts. Most people hide in the bread, wine and circus tents built for them by their owners and puppeteer controllers. John Lennon said, 'they keep you doped up on sex, religion and TV....But you're all still peasants from what I see.'

My ancestors, parents, grandparents, great grandparents lived through very harsh times in USA; they bore the ancestral wounds and scars proving it and passed these intergenerational wounds to their descendants. From Native American enslavement, 500 years of genocide due to US colonization, to Jewish, British collectivist tyranny and communist holocausts, black and red nation slavery, my bloodline trauma list is very long; intergenerational traumas run deep in my family gene pool and egregore. Societal conditioning omits such things when conditioning us with lies in its forced Comprachico education systems. The midlife existential crises blindsides people when their fake values vanish in DNS. Once tribal elders passed knowledge on to descendants via rituals and folklore. Now we have therapists and clergy worse off than we are making a living off us pretending to help; **it easier to hurt others than help self.** Science's version of tent revivals and patent medicine wagon snake oil peddlers with better PR. Sour wine sold in refurbished wine skins.

For instance, Thanksgiving Day taught since grade school as a covenant between colonizing Europeans and the red nation celebrated by feasting and peace; it is not. That day was a massacre of a Native village to steal native winter stores by white christian colonists who did not follow what they were taught to survive New England winters by the indigenous villagers who out of kindness helped them; the people pilgrims destroyed in return for native generosity. These pilgrims were too interested in hypocritically reading their holy texts about a vengeful god supplying manna from heaven than working & learning survival in the real world they invaded and stole from us. Our crime was helping them. If we would've let them starve in our maize fields their first New England winters instead of teaching them to eat it, the black nation would never have set foot as slaves on the North American continent, and the red nations would've not been enslaved then hunted to brink of extinction with the Buffalo by the Xtian invaders. Seems the Xtian way is to repay kindness with suffering and death sacrifices to their vengeful gods. Some progressive teachers have tried to teach the truth about TGD and been slapped down by religions and commerce. What! Give us a bad name, ruining receipts and a billion dollar empire profiteering from these holiday sales; you fools shut up!!!! The sweet little lies, 'Radio City Rocket galas' must be maintained to the public, assholes!!! The late Bill Hicks said it very well:

"The world is like a ride at an amusement park, and when you choose to go on it, you think it's real, because that's how powerful our minds are. And the ride goes up and down and round and round and it has thrills and chills and it's very brightly colored and it's very

loud. And it's fun, for a while. Some people have been on the ride for a long time, and they begin to question: 'Is this real? Or is this just a ride?' And other people have remembered, and they come back to us and they say 'Hey! Don't worry, don't be afraid -- ever -- because... this is just a ride.' And we kill those people. 'Shut him up! We have a lot invested in this ride! Shut him up! Look at my furrows of worry; look at my big bank account, and my family. This has to be real.' It's just a ride. But we always kill those good guys who try and tell us that -- ever notice that? -- and we let the demons run amok. But it doesn't matter, because... it's just a ride, and we can change it any time we want. It's only a choice. No effort. No worry. No job. No savings and money. Just a choice, right now, between fear and love. The eyes of fear want you to put bigger locks on your door, buy bigger guns, close yourself off. The eyes of love, instead, see all of us as one." - Bill Hicks, RIP.

### **'Christ Climbed Down' --a Christmas poem by Lawrence Ferlinghetti**

**Christ climbed down** from His bare Tree this year and ran away to where there were no rootless Christmas trees hung with candy canes and breakable stars.

**Christ climbed down from His bare Tree this year** and ran away to where there were no gilded Christmas trees and no tinsel Christmas trees and no tinfoil Christmas trees and no pink plastic Christmas trees and no gold Christmas trees and no black Christmas trees and no powder-blue Christmas trees hung with electric candles and encircled by tin electric trains and clever cornball relatives...

**Christ climbed down from His bare Tree this year** and ran away to where no intrepid Bible salesmen covered the territory in two-tone cadillacs and where no Sears Roebuck creches complete with plastic babe in manger arrived by parcel post the babe by special delivery and where no televised Wise Men praised the Lord Calvert Whiskey

**Christ climbed down from His bare Tree this year** and ran away to where no fat handshaking stranger in a red flannel suit and a fake white beard went around passing himself off as some sort of North Pole saint crossing the desert to Bethlehem Pennsylvania in a Volkswagen sled drawn by rollicking Adirondack reindeer with German names and bearing sacks of Humble Gifts from Saks Fifth Avenue



for everybody's imagined Christ child;

**Christ climbed down from His bare Tree this year** and ran away to where no Bing Crosby carolers groaned of a tight Christmas and where no Radio City Rocket angels iceskated wingless thru a winter wonderland into a jinglebell heaven daily at 8:30 with Midnight Mass matinees; Christ climbed down from His bare Tree this year and softly stole away into some anonymous Mary's womb again where in the darkest night of everybody's anonymous soul He awaits again an unimaginable and impossibly Immaculate Re-conception the very craziest of Second Comings.....

Forgiveness is a biggie for me; real forgiveness to some asshole who needs an ass whooping kinda asshole. Jesus was a role model inspiration in many ways; not the myth but the man. He had anger issues like all of us do; recall the flea market on temple grounds temper tantrum he threw over it? Pharisees were upset because he ruined receipts from their flea market that weekend. Took them weeks to find all the livestock he scattered and the temple hookers found another street corner to pimp her wares. He had world temptations same as the rest of us, wine, women and song; remember on the mount when 'Satan' tempted him to stay here and be a king, all the hookers, dope and fame one man could stand. Nope said old JC, Faustian contracts with the devil are not my forte. So, piss off, Satan and get off my mountain. He dealt with all the 7 deadly sins and more like we all do. The biggest one was forgiveness. After the mob beat him to a bloody pulp, then nailed what was left to a wooden cross, before croaking he did something really cool. JC looked at them and said, 'forgive them father they don't know what they are doing...' Okay the message I got is this; he delegated forgiveness to his higher power until he could do it personally. I do the same. When I cannot choke out 'I forgive you,' I delegate it to my higher power 'father' until I can heal enough to do so in person. I had to do that with my parents, mostly mom. At 50 a coworker noticed hostility in me when discussing my parents. He said, 'did you ever think that they did not know any better?' Then left it at that. Note: that is how real truth comes to us; and you must be aware enough to spot and understand it!! Had they known any better they would've done so. They had been through a lot, which is why they acted as they did. They were damaged, too. Their wounds screamed for healing and they could only express them as they did. One never knows what a person has been through that makes him or her act like an asshole. If it was good enough for JC, #me too. Finally I could say, mom, dad, I am mad at you but do not hate you, anymore, forgive me. I forgive you. Two birds with one stone, as it were. When harboring hate, spite, revenge, anger, always dig two graves; the first one always is for you. Aforewritten is drinking poison expecting someone else to get sick and die from it. A real downer. Healing takes time on both sides. Jesus the man told us how to do it. He was very smart; he did not get mad, he got factual. When pharisees invited him to get stoned at the local stoning quarry for heresy he went along with their cruel joke. The head dick started accusing him while tossing a stone up and down in the air; we hear you

been telling people they are 'gods' and don't need us..... JC looked him in the eye and said, DUDE! 'doesn't your law say 'men are as gods?' The head dick handed JC his rock saying, 'hold that for a minute.' Then told his toady 'give me the law book.' Sure enough just like JC said it was there. It's in the bible about 10 times "ye are as god." JC ruined the pharisee's stoning party being factual. He used their laws to his advantage and turned them against his enemies. That is civil disobedience, BTW. JC was the rebel's rebel. The pharisee said, ' keep the rock as a warning, we know where you live' and left the quarry defeated once again. JC the man not myth was a cool role model.

The US Xtian pilgrim curse spread like a cancer worldwide as little different an infection from their Xtian roots. For example, in US, red nations faced 'a trail of tears' forced death marches to prison camp reservations to die from exposure and starvation where only Gila monsters, scorpions, rattlesnakes inhabited. Fuck the forbidden trees we ate the snakes, which taste like chicken. We proved much harder than expected; so when curses of toxic minerals were discovered on our lands we were again marched to barren, harsher conditions and again our heritage was confiscated by thieving, Xtian USA. We escaped genocide by default as did the buffalo, once thought to be extinct from over hunting aka genocide, a few hardy buffalo escaped to mountains where a small herd discovered by colonists in early 1900's was domesticated like the cow in captivity to increase populations. We lived on reservations so did the buffalo. Herds never returned to their former glory but did survive, as did the red nations. Hitler, Stalin, Mao, etc learned the US genocide methods and developed them to a science. Hitler in his forced death marches by train and foot to death and work camps; Stalin by his one way death marches and train transportation of mostly old, infirm, men, women, children to Siberian wastelands to die of exposure and starvation farming snowballs. Train tracks extended deep into wastelands where prisoners were forced off then the empty train reversed heading inland and left them to die from exposure and starvation during Russia's brutal winters. Mao's cultural revolution did likewise using similar methods exported by US genocide industry resolving the 'Indian problem.' Mass butchering by death squads mobile and stationary gulags, death camps, filled in the holes, literally by the millions. Europe still uncovers mass graves of those filled holes. America was never great unless one deems genocide, theft, lies, hypocrisy and worse manifest destiny importance. The nation busies itself pointing out dirty laundry of others to hide its nasty history and influence on setting a global example of crimes against humanity. In America if industry can bottle, box and sell it profitably, it does so; genocide is just another profit margin to USA Inc. One is politics, namely identity politics; its followers never realize both wings connect to the same corrupt bird when buying into pointless ideology; this simply is a means of divide and conquer mass control. The more divided are people the easier they are to conquer, control, distract, and butcher them. Remember death camp victims voluntarily boarded the death trains to doom in Treblinka and other death camps with bags in hand. Once a story is told it grows old; for most of these people they

don't live long enough to tell it. They know that people don't hear anyway. Youth is wasted on the young.

US faces national karma for all the evil it has done and does. Look around today at the insanity. Need I say more? **A time is coming when humanity will go mad, and when they see someone who is not mad, they will attack the person saying you are mad; you are not like us, then you know the end is near. Fall of America as known is soon.**

We hear a much about psychic vampires these days; even the new age religion of mental health is on that bandwagon admitting its ignorance. That beast controls most life as we know it. Among the injuries are new lifestyles that violate natural and divine laws created over millennia by human cultures to protect tribes and their people. Native tribes simply recognized some members of its tribe as different among their male and female communities and allowed for them and their differences by accepting them. One does not kill the bear for being a bear; just stay out of harms way. Until the vengeful intolerant god arrived with his vampiric vengeful cult of death, brutality, xenophobic persecution & punishments, judgments, celebrated by the cult in ancient stoning pits, and taught that to our children we lived and let live. Our ways of life still retain that belief; however Xtian cancer corrupts it as with everything else. We still mostly accept our ancient ways in knowing; that violating natural and divine laws bring consequences by default to bear on those who violate them. It is Divine & Universal Laws that judges not us. Never is it our place to judge or extract vengeance. Dark principalities of life force feeders goes way back as recorded in human history of all cultures. These beings predate human inhabitation upon this planet; this is their home. They are not evil. It is mankind that creates and carries out the evil; the feeders simply gather for a feast in reaction to the humans.

There is no metaphysical 'evil' as it were; our manufactured perceptions of mystical evil is nothing more than the natural order of power, energies changing hands; as a spider and wasp struggling for survival. Tribal elders taught these truths to our children via our cultures, ceremonies, and myths; to respect them, always, they are part of the Great Spirit's divine plan. Earth taught one the rest, teaching which is everywhere. They have many names, skin-walkers, the undead, living dead, shape shifters, demons, devils, inner dark dogs, etc. All names lead to the same ancestral spirits. This is their rightful home; they live here we are only visiting house-guests, rude & disrespectful one's at that. Colonial assimilation has corrupted and nearly destroyed our cultures of tolerance. One finds that in everything the Xtian vengeful 'god' touches. This knowledge has gained a new awareness among new age charlatans making a living off naive, frightened, ignorant, masses hiding within the bread wine and circus tents as another main attraction & side show; nothing new about

that. Religions have done that for centuries; now it is just old spoilt wine resold in refurbished wine skins. Nothing is new under our sun or about that either. Nations come and go. Each leaves behind a legacy for the new arrivals; it is up to them as it was to us figuring out what is this place, how we got here, who and what we are and how to return. The earth is a living being who reveals this knowledge to those who seek and understand it. Beware the charlatans, fakirs, and deceivers. That is your task to learn as it is everybody's. This cannot be any simpler; complexity is a human deception meant to mislead unwashed masses. Knowing thyself is the first most important task you can ever do; it cannot be told to or done for you; the task is self-taught as self-knowing. The spirits will help you; they are not malicious; this is a mass conditioning lie taught within your manufactured perceptions of this place. **Here is some more spare change for you to count: 10.000-15.000 years from now, yes, the Earth will be still alive, people will find texts about the rulers of this era thinking it still applies to them. Those texts have been written for the major part already. Note; Einstein said, 'I don't know how WW3 will be waged but WW4 will be fought with sticks and stones.' GET THE HINT? The late Stephan Hawkins forecast AI as a problem and the only way for humanity to survive is to colonize other planets. Want to know more do some research the truth exists. A time is coming when humanity will go mad, and when they see someone who is not mad, they will attack the person saying you are mad; you are not like us, then you know the end is near. Note: the divine designed this planet as a prison and worse; Preventing humans from spreading its humanity insanity to other planets beyond the radiation belts seems default checks and balances.**

I will share with you now a very powerful tool of self-knowing; beware it is powerful and you must know where it leads; self-knowing and learning of your ancestors are first principles. Simply in complete sincerity speak out loud 3 times "I am ready" then mentally repeat the same phrase. 3 times only each pass. Then let it be. A prayer of 'Praise and thank you 'Great One' for knowledge and wisdom to do my duty...' then let that be. No candles, special talisman nothing but you ONLY contacting the divine; you must dial in; there is no wanting or waiting, the divine IS; for you to escape this place. IT CANNOT BE ANY SIMPLER THAN THAT AND COSTS NOTHING! There will be an escape of sorts, followed by transcending; otherwise reincarnation. The physical realm is weak and it cannot affect the Divine. Never accept anything from anybody, no gurus, or anyone in bodies-YOU DO NOT NEED THEM; JUST YOU AND THE DIVINE. The divine is for your release; there is no wanting or waiting. The divine is unconditional. You only communicate between divine and you. Understand it is only you and great spirits of higher beings; never anything or anyone else. Psychic vampires of all religions, secret societies, cults,



brother & sisterhoods, groups of any kind, are the dark principalities that all drain you for benefit of the group egregore and dark thoughtforms created by same. Don't feed them as a soul.

Thoughtform personalities are unchanged by physical death; do not feed them. Jesus the myth is one such thought form; earth gods do die without worshipers; they all die eventually when forgotten, unfed by followers. Unfed, the energy thoughtforms dissipate. You have such energies in a family egregore from both parental bloodlines stemming back millennia. This is more than blood & genes. Learn as much as you can about it. Science calls it Epigenetics; tribal elders passed this on for millennial as tribal wisdom to descendants. Asking the divine and being ready to accept what it brings to you in dreams, revelations, visions, synchronicity, and more as it communicates with you is key to understanding. Science is a retarded newcomer. All that is required on your part is awareness and surrender to accept what the higher beings bring to you. Avoid black magik, mediums, fortunetellers and the like. Respect the Dark as being part of the divine natural order, nothing more. Dark is required same as light in a duality. Without the other neither one can exist; Yin and Yang of it all. Accept nothing from anyone in bodies. Accept what divine conducts through you only. Thank the (Good One) for understanding, be ready and it will come. Accept the answers. Wisdom comes with time you cannot rush this. The teachers will come to you. Note: it often seems as though your subconscious is behind all this; that is new age psychology guru teaching. They say when you talk to god it is praying; when god talks to you it is a mental health defect; a schizophrenia. Understand this; you do not have a soul; you are one as a soul constructed in a corporeal existence. As soul you are a transceiver. All spiritual communication in and out goes through you the soul. Conscious interpretation behind false beliefs will mislead you so will guru's, charlatans, etc. Communication in the spiritual is not like in the physical; a phone transceiver both out and in comes through the same handset on either end; same for you when communicating with higher beings; they are incorporeal and have no physical bodies in this era and realm. Some do lower their frequencies to emanate a form in certain instances. Most are unseen. Other beings exist on this planet. They come in myriad shapes, sizes and sundry forms. I have experienced them. For more, research Terrance McKenna's stuff. He was a psychonaut like Tim Leary. They conducted some wild experiments with psychedelics into the unseen world of mind. What they experienced and described matches with my real life experiences both on and off enhancers. Same for Don Juan, South American tribes who use mescaline, the Native Americans who use Peyote in religions and Stuart Wilde, Gabor Mate' and their [Ayahuasca](#) experiences. There is some really wild stuff out there in the other-worlds to



know, learn and to experience; no wonder organized religions obsessed with mammon prevent people from knowing the truth about here and our place in it. organized religious and other facets wish to keep people ignorant of anything except focused on mammon profiteering parasitic cults off the dumb masses. The Major religions in power rule this human world. They wish to keep us supporting their empires. Religions were created for mass control and mass exploit not for spiritual growth. The true religious experiences are genuinely a holy experience, unlike smoke and mirror pageantry of organized religions. Once you go there you never go back to the hokey shit of status quo. You lose your organized religion, proper.

The voices in your head are actually unverbialized, non-physical thought forms. The divine communicates with us through pure unconscious thought. We reply in same all going through the soul center and oversoul. Understand you do not have a soul; you are a soul in corporeal form and experience these low frequencies as reality. **A teacher appears only when the student is ready; only teacher knows when to come never a student. Everything is a teacher.** Example, I once was lost and lost the light; I thanked the divine for helping me find my way; there is not 'the way,' only 'your way' as personal sacred truth; it came in two visions as this: **Fish in the Ocean cannot see birds flying in the sky....a free son guides the free; the free guide a free son.....** Moreover, the answer manifest as emanation of a titan being in the form of Hermes or Mercury, in a second vision. The messenger of 'god.' It was the most beautiful creature ever; more real than this place ever was or is. I was stone cold sober and clean when that happened. Human myth did Hermes an injustice. Divine simply showed me its existence, as a bird flying in the sky that I could now briefly see. Divine brought the light to me in answering a prayer. Another time I was in failing health; the Dark night of the Soul nearly destroyed me physically. It is a brutal process in reality that I was totally unprepared for and did not understand. My body was closing down, I was dying literally as body systems shut down. Ego would not let go so body failed instead. A flock of Buzzards visited my home and back yard during this process. When they landed on the house roof it sounded like a boulder hit it. These birds are very large. I was dying and they sensed it. They always know when death approaches. A terrified neighbor shooed them away then knocked on my door until I answered; checking to see if I were still alive. I am not buzzard bait yet.... Later that night a vision: two women dressed in odd grey and blue uniforms in shape of a deep V, their hair was cut short and in a V: I only addressed them as 'mother, ' I spontaneously knew them to be 'mother units' without knowing why. Never saw anyone dressed like that! One a subordinate 'mother' and one was a 'mother' superior; she studied me very closely, very concerned before vanishing. Two days later I was admitted to ICU for two weeks. That was complicated in itself. A coworker that

disappeared over 15 years ago suddenly and mysteriously just visited me. Realized I was very sick and cajoled me into ER. After that he simply vanished, and I never heard from him again. Something higher was behind it; I should be dead. I wanted to be dead. I did not know a physical body could hurt so much and still live. **These are the true synchronicities in life not the hokey 3 consecutive numbers on an LED clock and such Neo-age distractions; those are beguilement from the truth, like twin flames, soul mates and other romantic, phony notions.** Our time of death and birth are set. No cheating this test. In ICU I had an NDE; it was not like what others report, no tunnels or light or god, relatives, angels or whatever. Last thing I recall before flat-lining was watching the nurse adjust something on the IV; then everything went 2D like looking through soapy water over a window glass; then divine darkness and infinite peace. Death is that plain and simple; blissful. In total darkness, a thought or voice if you like, asked where am I? Another one answered 'You must return' No! I don't want to go back it is hell! The answer returned flatly **'We know.' You are being corrected.** Voice was not human. I was allowed three questions; is there death, a god, sin and hell? No - then Poof! Suddenly, I 'came to' viewing a ring of panicked doctors and nurses faces looking at the DNR band across my chest. I mysteriously knew and requested to get advance directives and do not resuscitate orders against bringing me back during hospital admission. I don't recall doing so or how I knew to do it at all. It was a new state law hard won from lawyers and the criminal medical hyena empire from financially bankrupting families using its life support schemes on brain dead relatives. Those documents stop this side from bringing you back but they don't stop the other side from sending you back. I'm still sorting out those experiences.

The light as it were comes to us, only when ready, and it is not the airy fairy shit sold to you by crystal merchant charlatan resellers on Amazon! Hindsight is always 20/20. Once the cardiac monitor blipped from flat-line to life, stumped medical team frantically set to work doing who knows what, DNR notwithstanding. I could not speak to say don't hurry I am not going anywhere. On the other side I was in pure bliss not in this physical hell of physical corporeality. Life for me has never been the same since. The myths are not myths. Plato's Myth of Er, Allegory of the Cave, Xtian texts of Lazarus, etc. This is your personal sacred truth that only you can find and understand. ONLY YOU. Aforewritten is how it finds you. **There is a Zen saying, 'Before awakening - carry water, chop wood; afterwards - carry water, chop wood' my burden is no easier but I do understand why I bear it.** All those fakirs telling you it's all unicorns and rainbows are full of shit. My physical health never recovered the DNS experience; it did some lasting physical damages. The shock broke loose many transgenerational trauma's that I must now deal with as well. The real

DNS is not all airy fairy hearts and flowers; it is really walking through the valley of shadows & hell's death; the light at tunnel's end is a train wreck heading for you not a guiding light of bliss and love. Essentially DNS is end of your egoic world and a grieving process of an ego death perhaps leading to a final death. The pain is inhuman! It's when all your preconceived notions and conditioning since birth die. Mine would not, so the body entered physical death sequence. Therapists and medical hyenas are very destructive in their ignorant mistreatment of these phenomena.

Notwithstanding being blown apart, when the body dies body death does so over a few days as each system shuts down after the ghost departs a physical organism. A reverse of creation, 9 month gestation and birth, before soul initially enters the unborn child in 3<sup>rd</sup> trimester which is a structured sequence over a longer time than physical death. Dying and death to physical is same sequence; giving up the ghost during body decline, death & decomposition. One can actually see it in the aura and emitted energies in people and animals; this is most noticeable when a pet dies. Before it is glowing alive, after dull, lifeless and dead. Same for all creatures here. Consciousness may dim and go in giving up the ghost but physical body residual energy processes remain alive as it were for many days. That is why when corpses when dug up have very long hair and nails; that process continues to function until total death of body is complete. Understand that physical death is reverse of formation process; it does not normally happen at once. Many people, once thought dead, were cremated or buried alive before modern methods largely eliminated accidental live burial or disposal. That runs in my bloodlines somewhere; I had night terrors of being buried alive during DNS as intergenerational traumas surfaced from past ancestral lives. Serious trauma triggers DNS, which forces more ancestral trauma and wounds from ancestral past to surface and heal. Some came on and vanished suddenly others remained until resolved. Live burial is a terror I care never to redo in or out of the grave. This place does all that it can to deceive you against knowing truth; especially mammon based religions in total control. Read the great and folklore Myths, they are not myths.

Since the NDE, Lady death and I been waltzing on the dance floor making propositions and squeezing each other's asses with one hand romancing a first move. I made it, she simply grazed my lips with hers as a tease then wagged a coy finger to say not yet; you are only one kiss away from eternity but it is not yet your time. I am **always** punctual, no more no less, fret not I will come for you, soon..... In hindsight, I see a blessing in all aforementioned. I had given up to die too soon. DNS is brutal. I never knew a physical body could hurt so badly and still survive. The physical health problems forced me back into the physical world I had given up on and released. I simply had let go too soon. Our time of birth and death is

set. Nobody cheats death. **A last suicide attempt delivered this message to me: Stop this nonsense now; you cannot leave without owner permission; you have no choice in that; time of passing is set; complete your task and then you can go.** So we are stuck in this perfect illusion doing our duty until it is our time to go ; nobody fails. I now have one foot in and one out of the world. An anxious compromise as it were.

Now for all you health nuts out there, going organic won't save you, bean sprouts, tofu & vegan, running marathons won't save you. You have no idea what is in your bloodlines, or what you been exposed to in life. Old age brings bad health, disease, in sudden onset. You do not control that at all. It happens, modern medical is making up this shit that it knows what it mistreats. I lived a healthy life, did all the right things and when time came got sicker than hell. You will too. expect and deal with it. Science and medical cartels have a lot invested in PR and wish not to ruin their empire with you knowing truth. Beware. Old age with all the whistles and bells happens. You can't change that; shysters been selling fountain of youth to suckers forever. Note; Leo Tolstoy mentioned this in his short novel: '*The Life and Death of Ivan Illyich*'; Ivan's decline from the perfect life started with a shock same as DNS. You see truth is peppered everywhere for you to find like a black pepper flake in a pile of fly specks. Good luck.

Now knowing what is on the other side, I am more than ready to give up the ghost and get out of this stinking place. Keep this empire of dust I'm going home. Peter Gabriel did a song <sup>2</sup>*Solsbury Hill*. It is about his DNS and going home spun very poetically to a snappy tune. Listen to the lyrics, see below<sup>2</sup>. The point is truth teaches us everywhere but you must pick out truth when it comes. See fly speck metaphor. I fell in love with this song immediately and understood its Awakening synchronicity and foreshadowing symbolism especially after DNS. Physically things are quite good for me now, but my spirit is not into the world at any price, anymore. But divine rules are rules. The World's temptations to change one's mind are many, myriad, and sundry. Nope, I choose freedom not chasing shadows of dust ghost empires. Keep it all, just send me home on the next soul train.

For you Antichrists out there; what does that mean? Anti message, Christ means messenger; the Antichrist is a zeitgeist or spirit anti-message of the times; the world could not be more Antichrist with a leader than it is now divided as a global darkness; this has happened before. About the Anti-Christ....there are at this moment literally billions of Anti-Christ's. I am not one. You will find them among Christians, Muslims, Jews, Atheists, Satanists, Agnostics, Buddhists, Hindus, F\*- isms, etc. They don't need a leader to be more Anti-Christ. Once eons ago, people almost did take over the world and bad things happened on earth to those people. **A time is coming when humanity will go mad, and when they see someone who is not mad, they will attack the person saying you are mad; you are not**

**like us, then you know the end is near.** What are you seeing now?

There is no need for psychedelics, chemically altered states of mind or anything physical except to rise above the body that seeks to hold you in the physical; they are a helpful nudge into higher consciousness when used wisely because every time you reach higher the body resists to hold you in the physical; that is its job; all addictions make it worse, simply your desire to know and be ready to accept what comes to you is key, don't fight it; surrender is key. The regressive Xtian controlled police state outlaw enhancers. Some progressive Nordic states allow growing and selling Shrooms, pot and such. They tell us we are free from birth; freedom stands alone without political maintained propaganda reinforcement. Some of the better spiritual teachers host retreats to countries where it is legal to perform ayahuasca and other such rituals. American Native American religions using Peyote still fight the hypocritical police state religious persecution for freedom to worship per their centuries old traditions. In US all religions are created equally but one religion is more equal than all the rest.

Another tip came from Rudolph Steiner and Jordan Peterson who said the same things in different ways in different eras. That is how truth works; it represents self in different manners through different teachers until it clicks with a person; no failures ever. Everything is a teacher, and synchronicity. Everyone passes even if it takes a bazillion reincarnations through this fool proof school of higher soul education. Before going to sleep ask mentally and out loud what is your purpose and meaning of life, what is my task; then **it comes to you. ACCEPT WHAT COMES, NOT WHAT YOU THINK YOU WANT; THAT'S WHERE PEOPLE GO WRONG. EGOIC DESIRES.** A big misdirection is that you must find it. Ask and actually it will come to you via attraction, what goes out comes back. It will come to you but you must understand & accept it as is. **Divine always answers prayers; problem is people do not get what they think they want then blame the divine for not answering their prayers; divine is blameless in earthly affairs.** The law of attraction is that; attract it and your purpose & understanding will come to you; caveat is that you must be **ready and accept what you get. State at bedtime, do not ask, beg, plead, demand, order, simply state kindly and do your duty by being ready in total surrender and acceptance of what comes to you via divine.** Then sleep on it. At rising the answers will be waiting for you; they literally come to you as epiphany of first thoughts. So will many premonitions and divine lessons, corrections, expected and unexpected. For instance, recently I awoke with a person I dealt with in past clearly in my mind who was a corrupt; selfish, spoilt, mommy's boy, immature, irresponsible and a crooked contractor that defrauded his help, and customers. I let him and his actions go and let karma deal with him. The don't get mad get even idea is

totally unwise. Let go & let karma. What he did is his karma, how I respond is my karma. I thought the revelation as odd; he is the last person I wished to think about or ever see again. Later that day a woman like him, immature, irresponsible, a perpetual victim, an emotional wreck hiding behind a smiley face mask kept in a make up kit - she is afraid of self and life so hides as an emotional wreck behind a mask -, an energy vampire, petty thief, deceiver, liar, same as this aforementioned guy cluttering up my thoughts; she showed up unexpectedly at my door with all her emotional baggage. Remember pig pen in peanuts? All you saw of him was this cloud of dust and litter moving around never the messy kid within it; same for her except it is emotional baggage hiding the emotional wreck within it. She knows me as an empath I will give her empathetic quarter when she visits as I would a starving stray cat returning for a free meal and pat on the paw-paw. Her life is one of failed relationships and worse. A classic loser blaming life and men for her folly. She is a closet misandrist. Life had abandoned her again as ROK, return of karma, as she had done to the rest of the people and places in her histrionic past. She got back what she put out. My awaking thoughts forewarned of her surprise arrival; they came as Beware. The symbols were skewed but significant in meaning to get my attention. She was seeking refuge in a world that abandoned her again; she faced karma and looked for comfort in eye of her storm. That's how synchronicity really works. I had a psychic block on her from way-back when. It was interesting watching her actions. My whole living area is sacred space; all are welcome; it is the honor system where even the nasties must behave within it. Spirit worlds do self police in sacred spaces. She kept looking and fidgeting around as if trying to see something she could not hoovering around her. See the section about beings our thoughts attract to us for more. The block stopped her psychic visits but not the physical ones; however, she is handicapped and restrained by the blocks checks and balances, as it were. They are not fool proof but effective mostly in most cases. The confusion on her face was worth undergoing the visit. Nice to see the divine beings at work.

You must be willing to accept what divine and karma sends to you. Karma is a sort of law of cause-effect attraction thing; what you put out into the world attracts back to you like a magnetic boomerang. I was an old flame empath once deceived and receptive to her charms, same as ex, until I told her no; so the huntress returned seeking feeding until something that looked better to her came by; hypergamy, then bye, bye sucker. Her greener pastures became fields of nettles and thorns. The world turned on her as she did on it so many times before. Like a crook she returned to scene of crime looking for more loot and got caught thing. Most psychic vamps in my life were women; I attracted a few men mostly gay- they seek empaths, too, otherwise all women; starting with dear old mom, many

girlfriends, an ex, etc. As a spider, she could spot a fly instantly; she just had to get it into her lair & web; that was all well and good until she became a fly in a bad boy's trap. Growing up thinking PV was normal disarmed me to dangers of her charms. Terms like psychic vampires and narcissism did not exist until late in my era, either. But the sickness existed and still does. Later terms like love addiction and codependence, trauma bonding, Stockholm syndrome, etc came into vogue. People recognized the sickness and created mythic labels of understanding around the un-nameable and un-understood. Evil, demons, crazy, mad, insane, possessed by devils, sin, she-beasts, sinful, wayward women, harlots, etc were basic terms used in myths to describe these possessed people. Religion was the only confusing treatments without cures. Blind bullshitters leading the blind. Now we have new religion of MHC frauds too.

Understand this: earth realm is a duality, a polarity like two posts on a battery; both must be for either to exist. Neither is evil or good; both must be to exist at all; evil is the natural order of a spider and wasp fighting for survival. Both exist as checks and balances to natural order.

It is always best to live with reality; because eventually reality will find and come live with you. Psychic forces can unleash repressed issues in a person frozen in repression about them; a trauma for example can be unleashed by psychic forces as a shock jarring them loose. Beware past life regression!!! This is why I get heevey jeevies in a church it has strong psychic energies, forces, thoughtforms. The group-mind thoughtforms of a religious community are a very potent thing, and when it is disturbed by the corporate emotion of its members, the forces thus let loose are not readily dispersed. Church ritual is occult ceremonial magik the same as witchcraft occult ceremonial magik.

<sup>4</sup>As above so below: we are light beings constructed in matter as a corporeal vessel housing a duality. Our place of origin is in singularity. No darkness; souls come here to experience darkness as a duality. I once heard someone say, 'god works through people...' That is so very true; the upper realms are pure but they do influence our dark sides by proxy teaching us lessons and doing divine tasks working through us for higher purposes. This world is corrupt and dark. Every human while here is too. It is not our task to deny our darkness but to accept it as part of the whole of our being then make choices from there; whether to tame or let it run wild; to help or harm others and self is a free will or will not decision. Tyrants like Mao, Stalin, Hitler etc did not do their acts alone they had thousands to millions of 'good people useful idiots' running wildly amok doing their bidding. The figureheads got blamed instead of the 'good useful idiots' who actually carried out the crimes against humanity. Useful idiots focus better on others as harmful than on selves as a harmful mob made of them. **Nuremberg war crime trials #1 defense by these people was "I was doing my job, following orders." That is a cop out from personal morality; knowing right and wrong morality is inborn to us all. The devil made me do it is somewhat true but each of us has free**

**will and will not to say yes or no; like every two year old toddler learns.**

Excuses don't cut it. These people carried out their darkness then denied it to selves and the world by blaming figureheads; not in holding selves accountable. We are here to integrate and understand both sides of our natures in self knowing. Every one of us is a Hitler, Stalin or Mao, and would've done worse or the same in their shoes, history proves that the mobs did just that. Part of our reason for coming here is to understand this. As 'free will' and 'free will not' beings we make choices; it may cost us our physical life but the choice is ours in toto. **It is always easier to harm another than heal the self. One always has a choice, always.**

Religion is skewed in many ways; the garden parable is totally hosed in meaning by church and representatives to mislead masses. They teach what they are taught. The snake for instance. If this story book fable would've been in Asia, Adam and Eve would've eaten the snake and left the tree of knowledge or apple tree alone. The story is not about apples, oranges, nudity and snakes. Though it compares apples to oranges. Understand that human's are animals, mammals, like a cow, dog, pig, jackass, kangaroo, monkey, ape. **Snake in Eden represents the woman's unsublimated, savage nature; her animal & she beast. Her egoic desire for revenge, power and control. Her uncontrolled savageness, the basic savage woman. Sublimated is tamed, domesticated, nature. In the Adam and Eve garden story the snake is not a serpent; it represents her animal savageness of the female psyche 'to be as god' seeking power. Jung used the animus to describe woman's female animal nature. Yin/Yang forces of her egoic savageness & dark side, he used anima to describe Adam's animal nature. We see it in Feminism's uncontrolled animus exhibited by her misandristic zeal to hate & destroy all that is man. Like the communists hate all that is western. ie: Pol Pot's killing fields murdering any mixed American, Vietnamese children and their mothers if caught to erase all things American from the country after the war. American collaborators or anyone suspected or accused of collaborating with the enemy met the same fate or worse in the killing fields. Misandry is female racism against male humans as a class. The same class war communists have waged for eons in genocides and mass murders of people simply for being classified as the enemy per collectivist police state ideology of proletariat and bourgeois class struggle responsible for mass murder and genocides killing hundreds of millions. The class struggle has now moved to the gender, or sex wars advocating genocide of the male human species: see SCUM manifesto and more. In post Vietnam during Pol Pot's Cambodian communist take over, innocent people wearing eye glasses were considered a class enemy and murdered for the class struggle. That is the uncontrolled, savage, animal darkness of human nature or animus of female and anima of male nature. Realize in the killing fields, just as many females as males served as executioners of the innocents. Religion is a poison to the minds of humanity and this is one such instance in its garden parable misdirecting and perverting the original intent as a children's story book tale told to infant level minded masses.**

Unsublimated is uncontrolled savage, animal, dark nature. She is animus; male is anima, short for savage animal nature. F\*-ism is the unsublimated female animus and dark-side unplugged 'slut' as it were serving as violent useful idiots to Marxist ideology and revolt against western culture. Women being feminine do so from a sublimated animus



or civilized nature. War is unsublimated and peace is sublimated. Unsublimated is uncivilized, brutal, savage and Amazonian devolution little different than beasts of the jungle behavior recidivism from tame to the wild she beast, as it were. War and unsublimated behavior reduce men and women to animals, proper. Whether its is War of nations or against classes, race, ideology, etc matters not people reduce to savage animals; Ref: Nazi death camps when millions of ordinary people turned into beasts, men and women alike, contributing to the wholesale atrocities against Jews in the holocaust. All were Hitlers by proxy in this regard; spilt innocent blood is on their hands same as the despot blamed for it all; he could not have pulled it off without cooperation of millions of 'good Germans' nations of them sucking up to the fuhrer for a pat on the paw-paw from their redeeming idol and savior god of that era. Whether by being 'good Germans' cooperating by remaining silent looking the other way or those just doing my job or following orders in the killing and torture machine murdering innocents because of race, class or identity politics persecuting political competition classed as enemy of the Nazi state. The number #1 cop out defense in Nuremberg trials by these Good German cooperative, culprits was 'I was just doing my job or following orders' obeyed by free will choice violating one's internal morality values inherent to everyone at birth. The real sin as it were is choosing to commit atrocities against humanity; same as Eve made a choice obeying her internal serpent in Eden disobeying what she inherently knew to be wrong. The story book tale scapegoats an exterior snake and their nakedness for her choice to 'be as god' in knowledge of good and evil. Same precept applies to millions who followed their dark sides and made free will choices to do so being gods deciding who lives and dies by killing millions; it was a power trip in both circumstances. That onus belongs to each person; cop out excuses do not cut it and blaming a figure head Hitler, the devil made me do it is lame, too. Each made his or her choices as did Adam and Eve. Blame is lame, immature and distracts one from self examination addressing the real problem projected onto innocent scapegoats suffering the harm of one's internal darkness; projecting the devil in a corrupt self onto the world and humanity scapegoats instead of personally resolving it. What I see as F\*-ism rebellion is woman facing her darkness while projecting onus on scapegoat men and other women instead of resolving the inner distasteful part of her psyche. History is full of such struggles and resulting wars, genocides, holocausts, despotic crimes against humanity in projection of such folly onto the innocent among them projecting the devil in them onto the helpless. The whole abstract myth of Jesus of Nazarene is that. The savage animal mobs, male and female, projected their inner hate, demons & devils within them onto a scapegoat & puppet instead of soul searching to resolve their problems

within them at source. WAR is stronger nations blaming weaker nations for all their problems in their crimes against humanity instead of resolving then within the offending nation where the true issue lies, which results in endless warfare that everybody loses. Karma applies to nations, too.

In the end, if there is a judgement day, I don't know whether humanity is judged as a whole or individually. For every action there is a reaction and a price to pay.

Ex's friends, roommates and ex-boyfriends closest to her forewarned me about ex before marriage. Said she was 'a crazy she devil and man eater.' As a broken woman she certainly was, still is. I did not understand what they knew because to me she seemed normal because of my dysfunctional upbringing by a dysfunctional vamp broken woman mother & family broken woman egregore. 'God ' works through people thing, so I would do what I must do to face and know me and the darkness within no matter how painful the lesson; native Americans have an idiom: 'inside you are two dogs; a dark evil one and a good one; the one that survives is the one that you feed.' Free will or will not is the choice; you always have a choice in making such decisions, always. We unconsciously choose mates with our parents' worst traits to work out unresolved issues. It was all I knew. The whole ordained experience was to learn about resolving my personal darkness in developing personal sacred truth. This is a lifetime endeavour for anyone passing through his or her reality tunnel, which is a destination-less journey on earth. It is a circle without beginning or end. This is true for everyone. I suffered dearly for my mistakes but over time did learn from them, **which was the whole point**. An ounce of experience is worth a ton of theory, self-help books & friendly advice not taken. Psychic vamps are chameleons of Mme. Jekyll and Ms. Monster-Hyde; true she beast shape shifters hiding behind masks. A she-beast of a thousand masks. Yin and Yang existing in everyone of us. After securing her prey she went in for the kill like a spider to a fly caught in her web. I ignorantly, willingly entered the trap per fate and destiny. Women are all deception, fakes, lies and phony; industry, society, institutional education spends billions teaching and grooming [Mata Hari](#) in her. More men learn to employ the witch's deceptions as well. Take it from there; moms disarm her son's to be unwilling, naive sacrifices to matriarchy in trusting her before placing him on the altar for the she beast feast; mom makes the first and deepest cut of all with her sacrificial blade, making it easy for those who follow her lead. **It is known as the conspiracy of our mothers against her sons. Robert Bly calls it the golden key stored under the mother's pillow that a son must steal from her. Rarely does he. Broken women mom's also burden her son's to carry her anger, spite and hate via parental alienation, and son's often do so most of or all of his life as surrogate of his Medea mother's**

**curse. This applies to her daughter's as well.** Mom as Medea digs three graves: one for her, her child or children, and the object of her hate. That is the dark side of patriarchy that she denies parallel to the actual nonexistent dark patriarchy she claims oppresses patriarchy. The Ancient Greeks recognized this millennia ago and expressed it in their Greek Tragedies. There are so many slow leaks in the patriarchy petard only the willful blind fool doesn't see them.

The most controversial find in human history was a viking wooden ship filled on one side of the hold with pagan artifacts; the other side with Xtian artifacts. Xtian assimilation did the rest to destroy Nordic culture. Matriarchy is the same. If real patriarchy existed, women's lib would've been cut short in the bud instead of allowing it to devolve as it has into misandry, spite and hateful cult status borne to society to carry as her surrogate. One look at Middle eastern oppression of women proves her ideological patriarchy boogey man is false. My opinion only is some women take this self delusion too far but that is her darkness she fights in finding her personal sacred truth. Only she can do that feeding the correct inner dog. **When she feeds the evil dog eventually it will turn on its owner and attack her with everything she has ever fed it.** Who am I to question the divine; it moves mysteriously through all of us. If it brings her to the light after passing through the shadows of death, that is all that counts in the end. Our experiences passing through our reality tunnel and what we learn from it; in the end it is what each of us carries on from here. Ditch the experiences to keep the lesson's as personal sacred truth of our spiritual evolution.

Buddhist's have a word for life, Dukka, or suffering. That is part of finding our darkness as an experience; mostly it finds us. One day a person is happy as a clam, then pow some disaster hits, a death, divorce or ended relationship, a betrayal, the loss of some sort of an attachment. That's when we toss our childish things to grow up facing uncertainties of life in corporeal reality passing through our reality tunnel. All attachment ends in hurt, pain, a loss, grief. Darkness comes a calling; you go through it no pain no gain as it were. We come here into duality to experience what is impossible to do in singularity. **Let that sink in.** Everybody gets a dose in this school of the absurd, no exceptions, even Mother Teresa lost her religion before she died and ratted on the church that pimped her to the world, so did St John of the Cross who penned Dark Night of the Soul or DNS. The church locked him up his final years of life. Anyone caught or suspected of talking to him got his tongue cut out against repeating anything he might have said and all copies of DNS manuscripts were sought out and destroyed along with the possessors. A few were smuggled out of country and reproduced; SJ exposed the church too. He did not get

the hot poker up his ass and burned as human steak on a stake as so many heretics underwent. Life is suffering, Dukka, it is our duty to conquer it.

Mel Brooks is the king of colorful comedy; he made a movie *History of the World*, making fun of the inquisition, among other human historical absurdities. Mel is Jewish and confronted his darkness conquering it with humor, satire. The movie is a satire of human history, well worth the watch. Mel is king of off color comedy that makes satire of human stupidities as a way of dealing with the horrors of this human hell in a handbag. He did an audio skit about the '2000 year old man', also very witty and creative. It is very old but still available as Mel's slapstick comedy.

Funny thing is drinking alcohol as psychic self defense really pisses PV's off; the energy is foul to her. I have noticed that in many cases including personal experience. Women deride a man for drinking while she self-righteously, hypocritically keeps her head in a pill bottle doing the same thing: self medicating life's Dukka. Remaining indifferently out of her reach deprives a witch of feeding, too. Distance makes her appetite grow colder denying her proximity to bleed her prey. She seeks out trysts to feed upon then blames her regular dinner bucket for abusing her emotional needs 'forcing' her to cheat.....projecting her darkness onto her mate or the next man she blames. Blame is lame it prevents the blamer from ever resolving her real problems. Nations do that; ie, US blames a country sets up a false flag attack to justify and blame an innocent as excuse for provoking and projecting war. Projecting our evil of **We Are Right**, onto them and saying: **YOU ARE THE EVIL AND WE HAVE RIGHT TO USE GAS, BOMBS, GUNS AND WORSE TO DESTROY THE EVIL IN YOU**. The evil is in the projector not its victims. It never heals and results in endless wars, genocide, suffering and harm such as USA has waged for centuries. Now days they call a PV narcissistic seeking narcissistic supply not a hungry witch looking to bleed her victims. Once again, all names lead to the same dark femme fatale for an unaware, naive, empathic man or woman. Nothing is more violent and deadly than two women clawing at each other's throats. Quoted, Erin Pizzy. She suffered for her sanity, too.

Mom lost all interest in her kids after infancy; after that we were ignored burdens. Kids she kept popping out, mainly to keep from going to work outside her housewife role in a single wage slave household. This was when in the 1960's forcing women into workplace due to women's liberation and wrongheaded socialist JFK, LBJ social policies were all the rage as liberation. In history books these two are martyrs; in reality both were ruthless and evil; the Vietnam disaster was a leftist enterprise in toto. I lived through the era of scarcity and misery called socialist freedom. Then faced Vietnam draft into a lame leftist war; socialist's called that liberty, freedom, through violence of bad laws, made by bad people, enforced via

prison and a gun. Same for FDR and kin before them, socialist tyrants of evil who sold out country and people; their most loyal betrayed by them first just as Stalin and Mao copied and followed. Women were used as useful idiots to Bernays propaganda selling out rebellious women to the tobacco industry that convinced her to take up addictive smoking habit, followed by drinking alcohol. She rebelliously lit her 'freedom torches' in public during mass demonstrations like fem rallies, proving she was clever and free. Welcome to the cancer ward ladies, you showed them, raking in profits by the billions to medical and tobacco industries laughing at the useful idiots all the way to the bank. Women's life spans are much lower because she smokes more than ever demonstrating her empowerment notwithstanding warnings to the contrary. My mom smoked self to death in her 'freedom;' it was a horrible fate, dying and death. Yeah, mom you showed them. No money for food but always for your addictions. During fem liberation days, mom said, 'I never felt oppressed until forced from my home into wage slavery working for an 'educated Idjit...woman'' Education does not make you smart; most hide from the world and selves in higher education fearing the real world and fight like hell against ever entering it as a productive citizen; or they hire on as educated idiot college professors who are the most sheltered and protected intellectual class' in the world. quoted, Jordan Peterson. Taxpayer and student loan largess's keep them well protected making a living off mostly indebted useful idiot women college students. You showed them again ladies with a lifetime of personal debt as your ball and chain to "We Cheatum & Howe 'U"

Mom lost interest in her children after 18 months; her romantic ideas of breast feeding lasted one session; same for the ex; both were takers, not givers or feeders and missed the whole maternal point of breast feeding an infant. Abortion was not chic then or both would've probably used that as an option. The realization never made any sense to me until mom's first visit after my daughter was born. The woman could not wait to get her hands on the infant. She made haste to take infant from crib and lie with her belly down over mom's energy center while lying on bed, couch or floor for hours. Only when daughter screamed and threw a wall-eyed fit would she give her up to one of us; then it seemed hours before daughter would settle down; she was inconsolable & terrified. She was averse to Grammy for life. The two were in energy center to energy center contact. Back then I was totally ignorant of metaphysical aspects of this world; I was still enchained to organized religion's tyrannical-mind fuck. An old Jesuit saying, 'give me your child until age 5, after that you can have it back, for I will own its mind for life.' Once a Catholic always a catholic, as it were. That is also why mothers have so much influence on a child's development for life. Religions, collectivist gov'ts all understand this precept and that is why they want to get their hands on your babies

quickly.<sup>1</sup> I did not recognize the meaning until decades later after getting free of it. A forest and trees revelation. Mom did this psychic drain every visit obsessively until daughter was about 18 months then became indifferent to her in toto; the same age she lost interest in her kids. Daughter when old enough would hide in her room when Grammy visited, and would not come out until Grammy was gone; she had an strong aversion to that 'stinking old woman'. This made an impact on daughter, for later in life when I told her at 17 her Grammy died, she coldly replied, **'some people need to die.'** I dimly recalled mom doing same to my siblings as infants as she did to daughter decades later. I was too young to recall her doing it to me but do recall her doing it to siblings. I got it by default, methinks. We were not allowed to be in bed or too near to her after 18 months. It was a rare hug from her. Proximity in same room was close enough. She was bleeding delicate infant energy up close and personal. She could do it at a distance to more powerful adults using spite, hate, anger, drama, fear, scenes, self-pity, and abuse by inciting knee jerk reactions. That was her darkness MOI. Note;

The Universe is a living entity who uses it's Mind to create and the beings created from that may have that same power to within their boundaries. This is when "malicious" beings are present: Every-time you cuss, talk negative, plot a scheme, get violent, utter lies, support murder, get sexually aroused, get afraid, get jealous, even laugh out loud, being overly joyful (so all related to emotions/passions/desires), they appear near you one, two, three, or more of them. "Malicious" beings are from this realm, this is their home. You cannot hate them for they are doing their task, their rightful duty and it is connected to your behavior....understand, you are the perpetrator, they react. They never instigate, you do. If you do hate them you are missing an important part of the reality....respect them up to a certain point. Also beings will accompany your thoughts and try to divert them, again it is their duty, show respect and that will be recognized by them. Never see them as malicious or evil, they only react to your actions. There is not a force which does not want you to be what you really are, the opposite is true but they also have their tasks that they must fulfill. This is about your manufactured perceptions and material part of you.

Mom never missed a scene but made quite a few of them; melodrama, trouble-making, harpy was her middle name. The legends of vampiric women eating babies came from this real life drama energy feeding projected onto her infants. High intense emotions are their food. Infant purity is tastier, so are empaths. An infant is nearer to the divine than anyone else; closer to 'god' energy. Fresh from the lathe of heaven, as it were.

All of Hitler's speeches were very intense emotional events to frenzied masses feeding the Nazi thoughtform darkness driving the 3<sup>rd</sup>

Reich or empire to world ruler-ship and Jewish holocaust genocide. The dark rituals reported by politics and media that are obligated to attend and participate in them are like this too: acts & rituals of INTENSE ENERGIES. Myths are not myths; folklore and myth were the way history and knowledge historically passed from elders to descendants. Each myth has a core of historical truth; they are not meant as a childish entertainment; learn them, look for truth in them. Understand this; truth does not come in one dazzling moment of revelation with lights, music and gushy feelings like in fantasy Hollywood productions; it comes over time a bit at a time, sometimes very brutally. You must be aware to notice and figure it out. Do not accept guidance from anybody especially therapists, gurus, priests, rabbis, etc. Only you can understand what comes to you it is 'for your mind only darling.' What I write here is only a guide, nothing more; truth is there; it cannot be hidden; you must find it but first know where to look for it in plain sight and know that it exists at all. It is KNOWLEDGE of truth and how you choose to use it that sets one free.

1Ayn Rand

### The Comprachicos

Note pronouns are of the archaic era.

The comprachicos, or comprapequeños, were a strange and hideous nomadic association, famous in the seventeenth century, forgotten in the eighteenth, unknown today in their original form...

Comprachicos, as well as comprapequeños, is a compound Spanish word that means "child-buyers." The comprachicos traded in children. They bought them and sold them. They did not steal them. The kidnapping of children is a different industry. And what did they make of these children?

Monsters.

Why monsters?

To laugh, to entertain.

The people need laughter; so do the kings. Cities require side-show freaks or clowns; palaces require jesters ...

To succeed in producing a freak, one must get hold of him early. A dwarf must be started when he is small ...

Hence, an art. There were educators. They took a man and turned him into a miscarriage; they took a face and made a muzzle. They stunted growth; they mangled features. This artificial production of teratological cases had its own rules. It was a whole science. Imagine an inverted orthopedics. Where God had put a

straight glance, this art put a squint. Where God had put harmony, they put deformity. Where God had put perfection, they brought back a botched attempt. And, in the eyes of connoisseurs, it is the botched that was perfect ...

The practice of degrading man leads one to the practice of deforming him.

Deformity completes the task of political suppression ...

The comprachicos had a talent, to disfigure, that made them valuable in politics. To disfigure is better than to kill. There was the iron mask, but that is an awkward means. One cannot populate Europe with iron masks; deformed mountebanks, however, run through the streets without appearing implausible; besides, an iron mask can be torn off, a mask of flesh cannot. To mask you forever by means of your own face, nothing can be more ingenious ...

The comprachicos did not merely remove a child's face, they removed his memory. At least, they removed as much of it as they could. The child was not aware of the mutilation he had suffered. This horrible surgery left traces on his face, not in his mind. He could remember at most that one day he had been seized by some men, then had fallen asleep, and later they had cured him. Cured him of what? He did not know. Of the burning by sulphur and the incisions by iron, he remembered nothing. During the operation, the comprachicos made the little patient unconscious by means of a stupefying powder that passed for magic and suppressed pain ...

In China, since time immemorial, they have achieved refinement in a special art and industry: the molding of a living man. One takes a child two or three years old, one puts him into a porcelain vase, more or less grotesque in shape, without cover or bottom, so that the head and feet protrude. In the daytime, one keeps this vase standing upright; at night, one lays it down, so that the child can sleep. Thus the child expands without growing, slowly filling the contours of the vase with his compressed flesh and twisted bones. This bottled development continues for several years. At a certain point, it becomes irreparable. When one judges that this has occurred and that the monster is made, one breaks the vase, the child comes out, and one has a man in the shape of a pot. (Victor Hugo, *The Man Who Laughs*, translation mine.)

Victor Hugo wrote this in the nineteenth century. His exalted mind could not conceive that so unspeakable a form of inhumanity would ever be possible again. The twentieth century proved him wrong.

The production of monsters—helpless, twisted monsters whose normal development has



been stunted—goes on all around us. But the modern heirs of the comprachicos are smarter and subtler than their predecessors: they do not hide, they practice their trade in the open; they do not buy children, the children are delivered to them; they do not use sulphur or iron, they achieve their goal without ever laying a finger on their little victims.

The ancient comprachicos hid the operation, but displayed its results; their heirs have reversed the process: the operation is open, the results are invisible. In the past, this horrible surgery left traces on a child's face, not in his mind. Today, it leaves traces in his mind, not on his face. In both cases, the child is not aware of the mutilation he has suffered. But today's comprachicos do not use narcotic powders: they take a child before he is fully aware of reality and never let him develop that awareness. Where nature had put a normal brain, they put mental retardation. To make you unconscious for life by means of your own brain, nothing can be more ingenious.

This is the ingenuity practiced by most of today's educators. They are the comprachicos of the mind.

They do not place a child into a vase to adjust his body to its contours. They place him into a "Progressive" nursery school to adjust him to society.

The Progressive nursery schools start a child's education at the age of three. Their view of a child's needs is militantly anti-cognitive and anti-conceptual. A child of that age, they claim, is too young for cognitive training; his natural desire is not to learn, but to play. The development of his conceptual faculty, they claim, is an unnatural burden that should not be imposed on him; he should be free to act on his spontaneous urges and feelings in order to express his subconscious desires, hostilities and fears. The primary goal of a Progressive nursery school is "social adjustment"; this is to be achieved by means of group activities, in which a child is expected to develop both "self-expression" (in the form of anything he might feel like doing) and conformity to the group.

(For a presentation of the essentials of the Progressive nursery schools' theories and practice—as contrasted to the rationality of the Montessori nursery schools—I refer you to "The Montessori Method" by Beatrice Hessen in *The Objectivist*, May-July 1970.)

"Give me a child for the first seven years," says a famous maxim attributed to the Jesuits, "and you may do what you like with him afterwards." This is true of most children, with rare, heroically independent exceptions. The first five or six years of a child's life are crucial to his

cognitive development. They determine, not the content of his mind, but its method of functioning, its psycho-epistemology. (Psycho-epistemology is the study of man's cognitive processes from the aspect of the interaction between man's conscious mind and the automatic functions of his subconscious.)

At birth, a child's mind is *tabula rasa*; he has the potential of awareness—the mechanism of a human consciousness—but no content. Speaking metaphorically, he has a camera with an extremely sensitive, unexposed film (his conscious mind), and an extremely complex computer waiting to be programmed (his subconscious). Both are blank. He knows nothing of the external world. He faces an immense chaos which he must learn to perceive by means of the complex mechanism which he must learn to operate.

If, in any two years of adult life, men could learn as much as an infant learns in his first two years, they would have the capacity of genius. To focus his eyes (which is not an innate, but an acquired skill), to perceive the things around him by integrating his sensations into percepts (which is not an innate, but an acquired skill), to coordinate his muscles for the task of crawling, then standing upright, then walking—and, ultimately, to grasp the process of concept-formation and learn to speak—these are some of an infant's tasks and achievements whose magnitude is not equaled by most men in the rest of their lives.

These achievements are not conscious and volitional in the adult sense of the terms: an infant is not aware, in advance, of the processes he has to perform in order to acquire these skills, and the processes are largely automatic. But they are acquired skills, nevertheless, and the enormous effort expended by an infant to acquire them can be easily observed. Observe also the intensity, the austere, the unsmiling seriousness with which an infant watches the world around him. (If you ever find, in an adult, that degree of seriousness about reality, you will have found a great man.)

A child's cognitive development is not completed by the time he is three years old—it is just about to begin in the full, human, conceptual sense of the term. He has merely traveled through the anteroom of cognition and acquired the prerequisites of knowledge, the rudimentary mental tools he needs to begin to learn. His mind is in a state of eager, impatient flux: he is unable to catch up with the impressions bombarding him from all sides; he wants to know everything and at once. After the gigantic effort to acquire his mental tools, he has an overwhelming need to use them.

For him, the world has just begun. It is an intelligible world now; the chaos is in his mind, which he has not yet learned to organize—this is his next, conceptual task. His every experience is a discovery; every impression it leaves in his mind is new. But he is not able to think in such terms: to him, it is the world that's new. What Columbus felt when he landed in America, what the astronauts felt when they landed on the moon, is what a child feels when he discovers the earth, between the ages of two and seven. (Do you think that Columbus' first desire was to “adjust” to the natives—or that the astronauts' first wish was to engage in fantasy play?)

This is a child's position at about the age of three. The next three or four years determine

the brightness or the misery of his future: they program the cognitive functions of his subconscious computer.

The subconscious is an integrating mechanism. Man's conscious mind observes and establishes connections among his experiences; the subconscious integrates the connections and makes them become automatic. For example, the skill of walking is acquired, after many faltering attempts, by the automatization of countless connections controlling muscular movements; once he learns to walk, a child needs no conscious awareness of such problem posture, balance, length of step, etc.—the mere decision to walk brings the integrated total into his control.

A mind's cognitive development involves a continual process of automatization. For example, you cannot perceive a table as an infant perceives it—as a mysterious object with four legs. You perceive it as a table, i.e., a man-made piece of furniture, serving a certain purpose belonging to a human habitation, etc.; you cannot separate these attributes from your sight of the table, you experience it as a single, indivisible percept—yet all you see is a four-legged object; the rest is an automatized integration of a vast amount of conceptual knowledge which, at one time, you had to learn bit by bit. The same is true of everything you perceive or experience; as an adult, you cannot perceive or experience in a vacuum, you do it in a certain automatized context—and the efficiency of your mental operations depends on the kind of context your subconscious has automatized.

“Learning to speak is a process of automatizing the use (i.e., the meaning and the application) of concepts. And more: all learning involves a process of automatizing, i.e., of first acquiring knowledge by fully conscious, focused attention and observation, then of establishing mental connections which make that knowledge automatic (instantly available as a context), thus freeing man's mind to pursue further, more complex knowledge.” (Introduction to Objectivist Epistemology.)

The process of forming, integrating and using concepts is not an automatic, but a volitional process—i.e., a process which uses both new and automatized material, but which is directed volitionally. It is not an innate, but an acquired skill; it has to be learned—it is the most crucially important part of learning—and all of man's other capacities depend on how well or how badly he learns it.

This skill does not pertain to the particular content of a man's knowledge at any given age, but to the method by which he acquires and organizes knowledge—the method by which his mind deals with its content. The method programs his subconscious computer, determining how efficiently, lamely or disastrously his cognitive processes will function. The programming of a man's subconscious consists of the kind of cognitive habits he acquires; these habits constitute his psycho-epistemology.

It is a child's early experiences, observations and subverbal conclusions that determine this programming. Thereafter, the interaction of content and method establishes a certain reciprocity: the method of acquiring knowledge affects its content, which affects the further development of the method, and so on.

In the flux of a child's countless impressions and momentary conclusions, the crucial ones are those that pertain to the nature of the world around him, and to the efficacy of his mental efforts. The words that would name the essence of the long, wordless process taking place in a child's mind are two questions: Where am I?— and: Is it worth it?

The child's answers are not set in words: they are set in the form of certain reactions which become habitual, i.e., automatized. He does not conclude that the universe is "benevolent" and that thinking is important—he develops an eager curiosity about every new experience, and a desire to understand it. Subconsciously, in terms of automatized mental processes, he develops the implicit equivalent of two fundamental premises, which are the cornerstones of his future sense of life, i.e., of his metaphysics and epistemology long before he is able to grasp such concepts consciously.

Does a child conclude that the world is intelligible, and proceed to expand his understanding by the effort of conceptualizing on an ever-wider scale, with growing success and enjoyment? Or does he conclude that the world is a bewildering chaos, where the fact he

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grasped today is reversed tomorrow, where the more he sees the more helpless he becomes—and, consequently, does he retreat into the cellar of his own mind, locking its door? Does a child reach the stage of self-consciousness, i.e., does he grasp the distinction between consciousness and existence, between his mind and the outside world, which leads him to understand that the task of the first is to perceive the second, which leads to the development of his critical faculty and of control over his mental operations? Or does he remain in an indeterminate daze, never certain of whether he feels or perceives, of where one ends and the other begins, which leads him to feel trapped between two unintelligible states of flux: the chaos within and without? Does a child learn to identify, to categorize, to integrate his experiences and thus acquire the self-confidence needed to develop a long-range vision? Or does he learn to see nothing but the immediate moment and the feelings it produces, never venturing to look beyond it, never establishing any context but an emotional one, which leads him eventually to a stage where, under the pressure of any strong emotion, his mind disintegrates and reality vanishes?

These are the kinds of issues and answers that program a child's mind in the first years of his life, as his subconscious automatizes one set of cognitive—psycho-epistemological—

habits or the other, or a continuum of degrees of precarious mixtures between the two extremes.

The ultimate result is that by the age of about seven, a child acquires the capacity to develop a vast conceptual context which will accompany and illuminate his every experience, creating an ever-growing chain of automatized connections, expanding the power of his intelligence with every year of his life—or a child shrivels as his mind shrinks, leaving only a nameless anxiety in the vacuum that should have been filled by his growing brain.

Intelligence is the ability to deal with a broad range of abstractions. Whatever a child's natural endowment, the use of intelligence is an acquired skill. It has to be acquired by a child's own effort and automatized by his own mind, but adults can help or hinder him in this crucial process. They can place him in an environment that provides him with evidence of a stable, consistent, intelligible world which challenges and rewards his efforts to understand—or in an environment where nothing connects to anything, nothing holds long enough to grasp, nothing is answered, nothing is certain, where the incomprehensible and unpredictable lurks behind every corner and strikes him at any random step. The adults can accelerate or hamper, retard and, perhaps, destroy the development of his conceptual faculty.

Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook indicates the nature and extent of the help that a child needs at the time he enters nursery school. He has learned to identify objects; he has not learned to abstract attributes, i.e., consciously to identify things such as height, weight, color or number. He has barely acquired the ability to speak; he is not yet able to grasp the nature of this, to him, amazing skill, and he needs training in its proper use (i.e., training in conceptualization). It is psycho-epistemological training that Dr. Montessori had in mind (though this is not her term), when she wrote the following about her method:

“The didactic material, in fact, does not offer to the child the ‘content’ of the mind, but the order for that ‘content.’... The mind has formed itself by a special exercise of attention, observing, comparing, and classifying.

“The mental attitude acquired by such an exercise leads the child to make ordered observations in his environment, observations which prove as interesting to him as discoveries, and so stimulate him to multiply them indefinitely and to form in his mind a rich ‘content’ of clear ideas.

“Language now comes to fix by means of exact words the ideas which the mind has acquired .... In this way the children are able to ‘find themselves,’ alike in the world of natural things and in the world of objects and of words which surround them, for they have an inner guide which leads them to become active and intelligent explorers instead of wandering wayfarers in an unknown land.” (Maria Montessori, Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook, New York,

Schocken Books, 1965, pp. 137-138.)

The purposeful, disciplined use of his intelligence is the highest achievement possible to man: it is that which makes him human. The higher the skill, the earlier in life its learning should be started. The same holds true in reverse, for those who seek to stifle a human potential. To succeed in producing the atrophy of intelligence, a state of man-made stupidity, one must get hold of the victim early; a mental dwarf must be started when he is small. This is the art and science practiced by the comprachicos of the mind.

At the age of three, when his mind is almost as plastic as his bones, when his need and desire to know are more intense than they will ever be again, a child is delivered —by a Progressive nursery school—into the midst of a pack of children as helplessly ignorant as himself. He is not merely left without cognitive guidance—he is actively discouraged and prevented from pursuing cognitive tasks. He wants to learn; he is told to play. Why? No answer is given. He is made to understand—by the emotional vibrations permeating the atmosphere of the place, by every crude or subtle means available to the adults whom he cannot understand—that the most important thing in this peculiar world is not to know, but to get along with the pack. Why? No answer is given.

He does not know what to do; he is told to do anything he feels like. He picks up a toy; it is snatched away from him by another child; he is told that he must learn to share. Why? No answer is given. He sits alone in a corner; he is told that he must join the others. Why? No answer is given. He approaches a group, reaches for their toys and is punched in the nose. He cries, in angry bewilderment; the teacher throws her arms around him and gushes that she loves him.

Animals, infants and small children are exceedingly sensitive to emotional vibrations: it is their chief means of cognition. A small child senses whether an adult's emotions are genuine, and grasps instantly the vibrations of hypocrisy. The teacher's mechanical crib-side manner—the rigid smile, the cooing tone of voice, the clutching hands, the coldly unfocused, unseeing eyes—add up in a child's mind to a word he will soon learn: phony. He knows it is a disguise; a disguise hides something; he experiences suspicion—and fear.

A small child is mildly curious about, but not greatly interested in, other children of his own age. In daily association, they merely bewilder him. He is not seeking equals, but cognitive superiors, people who know. Observe that young children prefer the company of older children or of adults, that they hero-worship and try to emulate an older brother or sister. A child needs to reach a certain development, a sense of his own identity, before he can enjoy the company of his "peers." But he is thrown into their midst and told to adjust.

Adjust to what? To anything. To cruelty, to injustice, to blindness, to silliness, to pretentiousness, to snubs, to mockery, to treachery, to lies, to incomprehensible demands, to

unwanted favors, to nagging affections, to unprovoked hostilities—and to the overwhelming, overpowering presence of Whim as the ruler of everything. (Why these and nothing better? Because these are the protective devices of helpless, frightened, unformed children who are left without guidance and are ordered to act as a mob. The better kinds of actions require thought.)

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A three-year-old delivered into the power of a pack of other three-year-olds is worse off than a fox delivered to a pack of hounds: the fox, at least, is free to run; the three-year-old is expected to court the hounds and seek their love while they tear him to pieces.

After a while, he adjusts. He gets the nature of the game—wordlessly, by repetition, imitation and emotional osmosis, long before he can form the concepts to identify it. He learns not to question the supremacy of the pack. He discovers that such questions are taboo in some frightening, supernatural way; the answer is an incantation vibrating with the overtones of a damning indictment, suggesting that he is guilty of some innate, incorrigible evil: “Don’t be selfish.” Thus he acquires self-doubt, before he is fully aware of a self. He learns that regardless of what he does—whether his action is right or wrong, honest or dishonest, sensible or senseless—if the pack disapproves, he is wrong and his desire is frustrated; if the pack approves, then anything goes. Thus the embryo of his concept of morality shrivels before it is born.

He learns that it is no use starting any lengthy project of his own—such as building a castle out of boxes—it will be taken over or destroyed by others. He learns that anything he wants must be grabbed today, since there is no way of telling what the pack will decide tomorrow. Thus his groping sense of time-continuity—of the future’s reality—is stunted, shrinking his awareness and concern to the range of the immediate moment. He is able (and motivated) to perceive the present; he is unable (and unmotivated) to retain the past or to project the future.

But even the present is undercut. Make-believe is a dangerous luxury, which only those who have grasped the distinction between the real and the imaginary can afford. Cut off from reality, which he has not learned fully to grasp, he is plunged into a world of fantasy playing. He may feel a dim uneasiness, at first: to him, it is not imagining, it is lying. But he loses that distinction and gets into the swing. The wilder his fantasies, the warmer the teacher’s approval and concern; his doubts are intangible, the approval is real. He begins to believe his own fantasies. How can he be sure of what is true or not, what is out there and what is only in his mind? Thus he never acquires a firm distinction between existence and consciousness: his precarious hold on reality is shaken, and his cognitive processes subverted.

His desire to know dies slowly; it is not killed—it is diluted and swims away. Why bother

facing problems if they can be solved by make-believe? Why struggle to discover the world if you can make it become whatever you wish—by wishing?

His trouble is that the wishing also seems to fade. He has nothing left to guide him, except his feelings, but he is afraid to feel. The teacher prods him to self-expression, but he knows that this is a trap: he is being put on trial before the pack, to see whether he fits or not. He senses that he is constantly expected to feel, but he does not feel anything—only fear, confusion, helplessness and boredom. He senses that these must not be expressed, that there is something wrong with him if he has such feelings—since none of the other children seem to have them. (That they are all going through the same process, is way beyond his capacity to understand.) They seem to be at home—he is the only freak and outcast.

So he learns to hide his feelings, to simulate them, to pretend, to evade—to repress. The stronger his fear, the more aggressive his behavior; the more uncertain his assertions, the louder his voice. From playacting, he progresses easily to the skill of putting on an act. He does so with the dim intention of protecting himself, on the wordless conclusion that the pack will not hurt him if it never discovers what he feels. He has neither the means nor the courage to grasp that it is not his bad feelings, but the good ones, that he wants to protect from the pack: his feelings about anything important to him, about anything he loves—i.e., the first, vague rudiments of his values.

He succeeds so well at hiding his feelings and values from others that he hides them also from himself. His subconscious automatizes his act—he gives it nothing else to automatize. (Years later, in a “crisis of identity,” he will discover that there is nothing behind the act, that his mask is protecting a vacuum.) Thus, his emotional capacity is stunted and, instead of “spontaneity” or emotional freedom, it is the arctic wastes of repression that he acquires. He cannot know by what imperceptible steps he, too, has become a phony.

Now he is ready to discover that he need not gamble on the unpredictable approval of the intangible, omnipotent power which he cannot name, but senses all around him, which is named the will of the pack. He discovers that there are ways to manipulate its omnipotence. He observes that some of the other children manage to impose their wishes on the pack, but they never say so openly. He observes that the shifting will of the pack is not so mysterious as it seemed at first, that it is swung by a silent contest of wills among those who compete for the role of pack leaders.

How does one fight in such a competition? He cannot say—the answer would take conceptual knowledge—but he learns by doing: by flattering, threatening, cajoling, intimidating, bribing, deceiving the members of the pack. Which tactics does one use, when and on whom? He cannot say—it has to be done by “instinct” (i.e., by the unnamed, but automatized connections in his mind). What does he gain from this struggle? He cannot say.



He has long since forgotten why he started it—whether he had some particular wish to achieve, or out of revenge or frustration or aimlessness. He feels dimly that there was nothing else to do.

His own feelings now swing unpredictably, alternating between capricious fits of domination, and stretches of passive, compliant indifference which he can name only as: “What’s the use?” He sees no contradiction between his cynical maneuvering and his unalterable fear of the pack: the first is motivated by and reinforces the second. The will of the pack has been internalized: his unaccountable emotions become his proof of its omnipotence. The issue, to him, is now metaphysical. His subconscious is programmed, his fundamentals are set. By means of the wordless integrations in his brain, the faceless, intangible shape of the pack now stands between him and reality, with the will of the pack as the dominant power. He is “adjusted.”

Is this his conscious idea? It is not: he is wholly dominated by his subconscious. Is it a reasoned conviction? It is not: he has not discovered reason. A child needs periods of privacy in order to learn to think. He has had less privacy in that nursery school than a convict in a crowded concentration camp. He has had no privacy even for his bathroom functions, let alone for such an unsocial activity as concept-formation.

He has acquired no incentive, no motive, to develop his intellect. Of what importance can reality be to him if his fate depends on the pack? Of what importance is thought, when the whole of his mental attention and energy are trained to focus on detecting the emotional vibrations of the pack? Reality, to him, is no longer an exciting challenge, but a dark, unknowable threat, which evokes a feeling he did not have when he started: a feeling not of ignorance, but of failure, not of helplessness, but of impotence—a sense of his own malfunctioning mind. The pack is the only realm he knows where he feels at home; he needs its protection and reassurance; the art of human manipulation is the only skill he has acquired. But humility and hostility are two sides of the same coin. An overwhelming hostility toward all men is his basic emotion, his automatic context for the concept “man.” Every stranger he meets is a potential threat—a member of that mystic entity, “others,” which rules

him—an enemy to appease and to deceive.

What became of his potential intelligence? Every precondition of its use has been stunted; every prop supporting his mind has been cut: he has no self-confidence—no concept of self—no sense of morality—no sense of time-continuity—no ability to project the future—no ability to grasp, to integrate or to apply abstractions—no firm distinction between existence and consciousness—no values, with the mechanism of repression paralyzing his evaluative capacity.

Any one of these mental habits would be sufficient to handicap his mind—let alone the weight of the total, the calculated product of a system devised to cripple his rational faculty. At the age of five-and-a-half, he is ready to be released into the world: an impotent creature, unable to think, unable to face or deal with reality, a creature who combines brashness and fear, who can recite its memorized lessons, but cannot understand them—a creature deprived of its means of survival, doomed to limp or stumble or crawl through life in search of some nameless relief from a chronic, nameless, incomprehensible pain. The vase can now be broken—the monster is made. The comprachicos of the mind have performed the basic surgery and mangled the wiring—the connections—in his brain. But their job is not completed; it has merely begun.

## II

Is the damage done to a child's mind by a Progressive nursery school irreparable? Scientific evidence indicates that it is in at least one respect: the time wasted in delaying a child's cognitive development cannot be made up. The latest research on the subject shows that a child whose early cognitive training has been neglected will never catch up, in intellectual progress, with a properly trained child of approximately the same intelligence (as far as this last can be estimated). Thus all the graduates of a Progressive nursery school are robbed of their full potential, and their further development is impeded, slowed down, made much harder.

But the Progressive nursery school does not merely neglect the cognitive training that a child needs in his early years: it stifles his normal development. It conditions his mind to an anti-conceptual method of functioning that paralyzes his rational faculty.

Can the damage be corrected or is the child doomed to a lifetime of conceptual impotence?

This is an open question. No firm answer can be given on the present level of knowledge. We know that a child's bones are not fully formed at birth: they are soft and plastic up to a certain age, and harden gradually into their final shape. There is a strong likelihood that the same is true of a child's mind: it is blank and flexible at birth, but its early programming may become indelible at a certain point. The body has its own timetable of development, and so, perhaps, has the mind. If some complex skills are not acquired by a certain age, it may become too late to acquire them. But the mind has a wider range of possibilities, a greater capacity to recover, because its volitional faculty gives it the power to control its operations.

Volition, however, does not mean non-identity; it does not mean that one can misuse one's mind indefinitely without suffering permanent damage. But it does mean that so long as

a child is not insane, he has the power to correct many faults in his mental functioning, and many injuries, whether they are self-inflicted or imposed on him from the outside. The latter are easier to correct than the former.

The evidence indicates that some graduates of the Progressive nursery schools do recover and others do not—and that their recovery depends on the degree of their “nonadjustment,” i.e., the degree to which they rejected the school’s conditioning. By “recovery” I mean the eventual development of a rational psycho-epistemology, i.e., of the ability to deal with reality by means of conceptual knowledge.

It is the little “misfits” who have the best chance to recover—the children who do not conform, the children who endure three years of agonizing misery, loneliness, confusion, abuse by the teachers and by their “peers,” but remain aloof and withdrawn, unable to give in, unable to fake, armed with nothing but the feeling that there is something wrong in that nursery school.

These are the “problem children” who are periodically put through the torture of the teachers’ complaints to their parents, and through the helpless despair of seeing their parents side with the torturers. Some of these children are violently rebellious; others seem outwardly timid and passive, but are outside the reach of any pressure or influence. Whatever their particular forms of bearing the unbearable, what they all have in common is the inability to fit in, i.e., to accept the intellectual authority of the pack. (Not all “misfits” belong to this category; there are children who reject the pack for entirely different reasons, such as frustrated powerlust.)

The nonconformists are heroic little martyrs who are given no credit by anyone—not even by themselves, since they cannot identify the nature of their battle. They do not have the conceptual knowledge or the introspective skill to grasp that they are unable and unwilling to accept anything without understanding it, and that they are holding to the sovereignty of their own judgment against the terrifying pressure of everyone around them.

These children have no means of knowing that what they are fighting for is the integrity of their minds—and that they will come out of those schools with many problems, battered, twisted, frightened, discouraged or embittered, but it is their rational faculty that they will have saved.

The little manipulators, the “adjusted” little pack leaders, will not. The manipulators have, in effect, sold out: they have accepted the approval of the pack and/or power over the pack as a value, in exchange for surrendering their judgment. To fake reality at an age when one has not learned fully to grasp it—to automatize a technique of deception when one has not yet automatized the technique of perception—is an extremely dangerous thing to do to one’s own mind. It is highly doubtful whether this kind of priority can ever be reversed.

The little manipulators acquire a vested interest in evasion. The longer they practice their policies, the greater their fear of reality and the slimmer their chance of ever recapturing the desire to face it, to know, to understand. The principle involved is clear on an adult level: when men are caught in the power of an enormous evil—such as under the Soviet or Nazi dictatorship—those who are willing to suffer as helpless victims, rather than make terms with the evil, have a good chance to regain their psychological health; but not those who join the G.P.U. or the S.S.

Even though the major part of the guilt belongs to his teachers, the little manipulator is not entirely innocent. He is too young to understand the immorality of his course, but nature gives him an emotional warning: he does not like himself when he engages in deception, he feels dirty, unworthy, unclean. This protest of a violated consciousness serves the same purpose as physical pain: it is the warning of a dangerous malfunction or injury. No one can force a child to disregard a warning of this kind; if he does, if he chooses to place some value above his own sense of himself, what he gradually kills is his self-esteem. Thereafter, he is left without motivation to correct his psycho-epistemology; he has reason to dread reason, reality and truth; his entire emotional mechanism is automatized to serve as a defense against them. The majority of the Progressive nursery schools' graduates represent a mixture of psychological elements, on a continuum between the nonconformist and the manipulator. Their future development depends in large part on the nature of their future education. The nursery schools have taught them the wrong method of mental functioning; now they are expected to begin acquiring mental content, i.e., ideas, by such means as they possess. The modern educators—the comprachicos of the mind—are prepared for the second stage of their task: to indoctrinate the children with the kinds of ideas that will make their intellectual recovery unlikely, if not impossible—and to do it by the kind of method that continues and reinforces the conditioning begun in the nursery school. The program is devised to stunt the minds of those who managed to survive the first stage with some remnants of their rational capacity, and to cripple those who were fortunate enough not to be sent to a Progressive nursery. In comprachico terms, this program means: to keep tearing the scabs off the wounds left by the original surgery and to keep infecting the wounds until the child's mind and spirit are broken.

To stunt a mind means to arrest its conceptual development, its power to use abstractions—and to keep it on a concrete-bound, perceptual method of functioning.

John Dewey, the father of modern education (including the Progressive nursery schools), opposed the teaching of theoretical (i.e., conceptual) knowledge, and demanded that it be replaced by concrete, “practical” action, in the form of “class projects” which would develop the students' social spirit.

“The mere absorbing of facts and truths,” he wrote, “is so exclusively individual an affair that it tends very naturally to pass into selfishness. There is no obvious social motive for the acquirement of mere learning, there is no clear social gain in success thereat.” (John Dewey, *The School and Society*, Chicago, The University of Chicago Press, 1956, p. 15.)

This much is true: the perception of reality, the learning of facts, the ability to distinguish truth from falsehood, are exclusively individual capacities; the mind is an exclusively individual “affair”; there is no such thing as a collective brain. And intellectual integrity—the refusal to sacrifice one’s mind and one’s knowledge of the truth to any social pressures—is a profoundly and properly selfish attitude.

The goal of modern education is to stunt, stifle and destroy the students’ capacity to develop such an attitude, as well as its conceptual and psycho-epistemological preconditions. There are two different methods of learning: by memorizing and by understanding. The first belongs primarily to the perceptual level of a human consciousness, the second to the conceptual.

The first is achieved by means of repetition and concrete-bound association (a process in which one sensory concrete leads automatically to another, with no regard to content or meaning). The best illustration of this process is a song which was popular some twenty years ago, called “Mairzy Doats.” Try to recall some poem you had to memorize in grade school; you will find that you can recall it only if you recite the sounds automatically, by the “Mairzy Doats” method; if you focus on the meaning, the memory vanishes. This form of learning is shared with man by the higher animals: all animal training consists of making the animal memorize a series of actions by repetition and association.

The second method of learning—by a process of understanding—is possible only to man. To understand means to focus on the content of a given subject (as against the sensory—visual or auditory—form in which it is communicated), to isolate its essentials, to establish its relationship to the previously known, and to integrate it with the appropriate categories of other subjects. Integration is the essential part of understanding.

The predominance of memorizing is proper only in the first few years of a child’s education, while he is observing and gathering perceptual material. From the time he reaches the conceptual level (i.e., from the time he learns to speak), his education requires a progressively larger scale of understanding and progressively smaller amounts of memorizing. Just as modern educators proclaim the importance of developing a child’s individuality, yet train him to conform to the pack, so they denounce memorization, yet their method of teaching ignores the requirements of conceptual development and confines learning predominantly to a process of memorizing. To grasp what this does to a child’s mind, project what it would do to a child’s body if, at the age of seven, he were not permitted to walk, but

were required to crawl and stumble like an infant.

The Comprachico technique starts at the base. The child's great achievement in learning to speak is undercut and all but nullified by the method used to teach him to read. The "Look-Say" method substitutes the concrete-bound memorization of the visual shapes of words for the phonetic method which taught a child to treat letters and sounds as abstractions. The senseless memorizing of such a vast amount of sensory material places an abnormal strain on a child's mental capacity, a burden that cannot be fully retained, integrated or automatized. The result is a widespread "reading neurosis"—the inability to learn to read—among children, including many of above average intelligence, a neurosis that did not exist prior to the introduction of the "Look-Say" method. (If the enlightenment and welfare of children were the modern educators' goal, the incidence of that neurosis would have made them check and revise their educational theories; it has not.)

The ultimate result is the half-illiterate college freshmen who are unable to read a book (in the sense of understanding its content, as against looking at its pages) or to write a paper or to spell—or even to speak coherently, which is caused by the inability to organize their thoughts, if any.

When applied to conceptual material, memorizing is the psycho-epistemological destroyer of understanding and of the ability to think. But throughout their grade- and high-school years, memorizing becomes the students' dominant (and, in some cases, virtually exclusive) method of mental functioning. They have no other way to cope with the schools' curricula that consist predominantly of random, haphazard, disintegrated (and unintegratable) snatches of various subjects, without context, continuity or systematic progression.

The material taught in one class has no relation to and frequently contradicts the material taught in another. The cure, introduced by the modern educators, is worse than the disease; it consists in the following procedure: a "theme" is picked at random for a given period of time, during which every teacher presents his subject in relation to that theme, without context or earlier preparation. For instance, if the theme is "shoes," the teacher of physics discusses the machinery required to make shoes, the teacher of chemistry discusses the tanning of leather, the teacher of economics discusses the production and consumption of shoes, the teacher of mathematics gives problems in calculating the costs of shoes, the teacher of English reads stories involving shoes (or the plight of the barefoot), and so on.

This substitutes the accidental concrete of an arbitrarily picked "theme" for the conceptual integration of the content of one discipline with that of another—thus conditioning the students' minds to the concrete-bound, associational method of functioning, while they are dealing with conceptual material. Knowledge acquired in that manner cannot be retained beyond the next exam, and sometimes not even that long.

The indoctrination of children with a mob spirit—under the category of “social adjustment”—is conducted openly and explicitly. The supremacy of the pack is drilled, pounded and forced into the student’s mind by every means available to the comprachicos of the classroom, including the contemptible policy of grading the students on their social adaptability (under various titles). No better method than this type of grading could be devised to destroy a child’s individuality and turn him into a stale little conformist, to stunt his unformed sense of personal identity and make him blend into an anonymous mob, to penalize the best, the most intelligent and honest children in the class, and to reward the worst, the dull, the lethargic, the dishonest.

Still more evil (because more fundamental) is the “discussion” method of teaching, which is used more frequently in the humanities than in the physical sciences, for obvious reasons. Following this method, the teacher abstains from lecturing and merely presides at a free-for-all or “bull session,” while the students express their “views” on the subject under study, which they do not know and have come to school to learn. What these sessions produce in the minds of the students is an unbearable boredom.

But this is much worse than a mere waste of the students’ time. They are being taught some crucial things, though not the ostensible subject of study. They are being given a lesson in metaphysics and epistemology. They are being taught, by implication, that there is no such thing as a firm, objective reality, which man’s mind must learn to perceive correctly; that reality is an indeterminate flux and can be anything the pack wants it to be; that truth or falsehood is determined by majority vote. And more: that knowledge is unnecessary and irrelevant, since the teacher’s views have no greater validity than the oratory of the dumbest and most ignorant student—and, therefore, that reason, thinking, intelligence and education are of no importance or value. To the extent that a student absorbs these notions, what incentive would he have to continue his education and to develop his mind? The answer may be seen today on any college campus.

As to the content of the courses in the grade and high schools, the anti-rational indoctrination is carried on in the form of slanted, distorted material, of mystic-altruist-collectivist slogans, of propaganda for the supremacy of emotions over reason—but this is merely a process of cashing in on the devastation wrought in the children’s psycho-epistemology. Most of the students do graduate as full-fledged little collectivists, reciting the appropriate dogma, but one cannot say that this represents their convictions. The truth is much worse than that: they are incapable of holding any convictions of any kind, and they gravitate to collectivism because that is what they have memorized—and also because one does not turn to reason and independence out of fear, helplessness and self-doubt.

### III

No matter what premises a child may form in his grade- and high-school years, the educational system works to multiply his inner conflicts.

The graduates of the Progressive nurseries are caught in the clash between their dazed, unfocused, whim-oriented psycho-epistemology and the demands of reality, with which they are not prepared to deal. They are expected to acquire some sort of formal knowledge, to pass exams, to achieve acceptable grades, i.e., to comply with some minimal factual norms—but, to them, it is a metaphysical betrayal. Facts are what they have been trained to ignore; facts cannot be learned by the kind of mental process they have automatized: by an animal-like method of catching the emotional cues emitted by the pack. The pack is still there, but it cannot help them at examination time—which they have to face in a state they have been taught to regard as evil: alone.

The panic of the conflict between their foggy subjectivism and the rudiments of objectivity left in the schools by a civilized past, leads to a nameless resentment in the minds of such children, to a wordless feeling that they are being unfairly imposed upon—they do not know how or by whom—to a growing hostility without object. The *comprachicos*, in due time, will offer them an object.

Some of the brighter children—those who are mentally active and do want to learn—are caught in a different conflict. Struggling to integrate the chaotic snatches of information taught in their classes, they discover the omissions, the non sequiturs, the contradictions, which are seldom explained or resolved. Their questions are usually ignored or resented or laughed at or evaded by means of explanations that confuse the issue further. A child may give up, in bewilderment, concluding that the pursuit of knowledge is senseless, that education is an enormous pretense of some evil kind which he cannot understand—and thus he is started on the road to anti-intellectuality and mental stagnation. Or a child may conclude that the school will give him nothing, that he must learn on his own—which is the best conclusion to draw in the circumstances, except that it can lead him to a profound contempt for teachers, for other adults and, often, for all men (which is the road to subjectivism).

The “socializing” aspects of the school, the pressure to conform to the pack, are, for him, a special kind of torture. A thinking child cannot conform—thought does not bow to authority. The resentment of the pack toward intelligence and independence is older than Progressive education; it is an ancient evil (among children and adults alike), a product of fear, self-doubt and envy. But Pragmatism, the father of Progressive education, is a Kantian philosophy and uses Kant’s technique of cashing in on human weaknesses and fears. Instead of teaching children respect for one another’s individuality, achievements and



rights, Progressive education gives an official stamp of moral righteousness to the tendency of frightened half-savages to gang up on one another, to form “in-groups” and to persecute the outsider. When, on top of it, the outsider is penalized or reprimanded for his inability to “get along with people,” the rule of mediocrity is elevated into a system; “Mediocrity” does not mean an average intelligence; it means an average intelligence that resents and envies its betters.) Progressive education has institutionalized an Establishment of Envy.

The thinking child is not antisocial (he is, in fact, the only type of child fit for social relationships). When he develops his first values and conscious convictions, particularly as he approaches adolescence, he feels an intense desire to share them with a friend who would understand him; if frustrated, he feels an acute sense of loneliness, (Loneliness is specifically the experience of this type of child—or adult; it is the experience of those who have something to offer. The emotion that drives conformists to “belong,” is not loneliness, but fear—the fear of intellectual independence and responsibility. The thinking child seeks equals; the conformist seeks protectors.)

One of the most evil aspects of modern schools is the spectacle of a thinking child trying to “adjust” to the pack, trying to hide his intelligence (and his scholastic grades) and to act like “one of the boys.” He never succeeds, and is left wondering helplessly: “What is wrong with me? What do I lack? What do they want?” He has no way of knowing that his lack consists in thinking of such questions. The questions imply that there are reasons, causes, principles, values—which are the very things the pack mentality dreads, evades and resents. He has no way of knowing that one’s psycho-epistemology cannot be hidden, that it shows in many subtle ways, and that the pack rejects him because they sense his factual (i.e., judging) orientation, his psycho-epistemological self-confidence and lack of fear. (Existentially, such loners lack social self-confidence and, more often than not, are afraid of the pack, but the issue is not existential.)

Gradually, the thinking child gives up the realm of human relationships. He draws the conclusion that he can understand science, but not people, that people are unknowable, that they are outside the province of reason, that some other cognitive means are required, which he lacks. Thus he comes to accept a false dichotomy, best designated as reason versus people, which his teachers are striving to instill and reinforce.

The conformists, in the face of that dichotomy, give up reason; he gives up people.

Repressing his need of friendship, he gives up concern with human values, with moral questions, with social issues, with the entire realm of the humanities. Seeking rationality, objectivity and intelligibility—i.e., a realm where he can function—he escapes into the physical sciences or technology or business, i.e., into the professions that deal primarily with matter rather than with man. (This is a major cause of America’s “brain drain,” of the appalling

intellectual poverty in the humanities, with the best minds running—for temporary protection—to the physical sciences.)

There is nothing wrong, of course, in choosing a career in the physical professions, if such is one's rational preference. But it is a tragic error if a young man chooses it as an escape, because the escape is illusory. Since the dichotomy he accepted is false, since repression is not a solution to anything, but merely an impairment of his mental capacity, the psychological price he pays is nameless fear, unearned guilt, self-doubt, neurosis, and, more often than not, indifference, suspicion or hostility toward people. The result, in his case, is the exact opposite of the social harmony the comprachicos of Progressive education had promised to achieve.

There are children who succumb to another, similar dichotomy: values versus people.

Prompted by loneliness, unable to know that the pleasure one finds in human companionship is possible only on the grounds of holding the same values, a child may attempt to reverse cause and effect: he places companionship first and tries to adopt the values of others, repressing his own half-formed value-judgments, in the belief that this will bring him friends.

The dogma of conformity to the pack encourages and reinforces his moral self-abnegation.

Thereafter, he struggles blindly to obtain from people some satisfaction which he cannot define (and which cannot be found), to alleviate a sense of guilt he cannot name, to fill a vacuum he is unable to identify. He alternates between abject compliance with his friends' wishes, and peremptory demands for affection- he becomes the kind of emotional dependent that no friends of any persuasion could stand for long. The more he fails, the more desperately he clings to his pursuit of people and "love." But the nameless emotion growing in his subconscious, never to be admitted or identified, is hatred for people. The result, again, is the opposite of the comprachicos' alleged goal.

No matter what their individual problems or what defenses they choose, all the children—from the "adjusted" to the independent—suffer from a common blight in their grade—and high-school years: boredom. Their reasons vary, but the emotional result is the same. Learning is a conceptual process; an educational method devised to ignore, bypass and contradict the requirements of conceptual development, cannot arouse any interest in learning. The "adjusted" are bored because they are unable actively to absorb knowledge. The independent are bored because they seek knowledge, not games of "class projects" or group "discussions." The first are unable to digest their lessons; the second are starved.

The comprachicos succeed in either case. The independent children, who resist the conditioning and preserve some part of their rationality, are predominantly shunted, or self-exiled, into the physical sciences and allied professions, away from social, philosophical or humanistic concerns. The social field—and thus society's future—is left to the "adjusted," to the stunted, twisted, mutilated minds the comprachicos' technique was intended to produce.

The average high-school graduate is a jerky, anxious, incoherent youth with a mind like a scarecrow made of sundry patches that cannot be integrated into any shape. He has no concept of knowledge: he does not know when he knows and when he does not know. His chronic fear is of what he is supposed to know, and his pretentious posturing is intended to hide the fact that he hasn't the faintest idea. He alternates between oracular pronouncements and blankly evasive silence. He assumes the pose of an authority on the latest, journalistic issues in politics (part of his "class projects") and recites the canned bromides of third-rate editorials as if they were his original discoveries. He does not know how to read or write or consult a dictionary. He is sly and "wise"; he has the cynicism of a decadent adult, and the credulity of a child. He is loud, aggressive, belligerent. His main concern is to prove that he is afraid of nothing—because he is scared to death of everything.

His mind is in a state of whirling confusion. He has never learned to conceptualize, i.e., to identify, to organize, to integrate the content of his mind. In school and out, he has observed and experienced (or, more precisely, been exposed to) many things, and he cannot tell their meaning or import, he does not know what to make of them, sensing dimly that he should make something somehow. He does not know where to begin; he feels chronically behind himself, unable to catch up with his own mental content—as if the task of untangling it were far beyond his capacity.

Since he was prevented from conceptualizing his cognitive material step by step, as he acquired it, the accumulation of unidentified experiences and perceptual impressions is now such that he feels paralyzed. When he tries to think, his mind runs into a blank wall every few steps; his mental processes seem to dissolve in a labyrinth of question marks and blind alleys. His subconscious, like an unattended basement, is cluttered with the irrelevant, the accidental, the misunderstood, the ungrasped, the undefined, the not-fully-remembered; it does not respond to his mental efforts. He gives up.

The secret of his psycho-epistemology—which baffles those who deal with him—lies in the fact that, as an adult, he has to use concepts, but he uses concepts by a child's perceptual method. He uses them as concretes, as the immediately given—without context, definitions, integrations or specific referents; his only context is the immediate moment. To what, then, do his concepts refer? To a foggy mixture of partial knowledge, memorized responses, habitual associations, his audience's reactions and his own feelings, which represent the content of his mind at that particular moment. On the next day or occasion, the same concepts will refer to different things, according to the changes in his mood and in the immediate circumstances. He seems able to understand a discussion or a rational argument, sometimes even on an abstract, theoretical level. He is able to participate, to agree or disagree after what appears to be a critical examination of the issue. But the next time one meets him, the conclusions he

reached are gone from his mind, as if the discussion had never occurred even though he remembers it: he remembers the event, i.e., a discussion, not its intellectual content.

It is beside the point to accuse him of hypocrisy or lying (though some part of both is necessarily involved). His problem is much worse than that: he was sincere, he meant what he said in and for that moment. But it ended with that moment. Nothing happens in his mind to an idea he accepts or rejects; there is no processing, no integration, no application to himself, his actions or his concerns; he is unable to use it or even to retain it. Ideas, i.e., abstractions, have no reality to him: abstractions involve the past and the future, as well as the present; nothing is fully real to him except the present. Concepts, in his mind, become percepts—percepts

of people uttering sounds; and percepts end when the stimuli vanish. When he uses words, his mental operations are closer to those of a parrot than of a human being. In the strict sense of the word, he has not learned to speak.

But there is one constant in his mental flux. The subconscious is an integrating mechanism; when left without conscious control, it goes on integrating on its own— and, like an automatic blender, his subconscious squeezes its clutter of trash to produce a single basic emotion: fear.

He is not equipped to earn a living in a primitive village, but he finds himself in the midst of the brilliant complexity of an industrial, technological civilization, which he cannot begin to understand. He senses that something is demanded of him—by his parents, by his friends, by people at large, and, since he is a living organism, by his own restless energy—something he is unable to deliver.

He has been trained to react, not to act; to respond, not to initiate; to pursue pleasure, not purpose. He is a playboy without money, taste or the capacity of enjoyment. He is guided by his feelings—he has nothing else. And his feelings are only various shades of panic.

He cannot turn for help to his parents. In most cases, they are unable and/or unwilling to understand him; he distrusts them and he is too inarticulate to explain anything. What he needs is rational guidance; what they offer him is their own brand of irrationality. If they are old-fashioned, they tell him that he is too self-indulgent and it's about time he came down to earth and assumed some responsibility; for moral guidance, they say, he ought to go to church. If they are modern, they tell him that he takes himself too seriously and ought to have more fun; for moral guidance, they tell him that nobody is ever fully right or fully wrong, and take him to a cocktail party raising funds for some liberal cause.

His parents are the products of the same educational system, but at an earlier stage, at a time when the school conditioning was furtively indirect, and rational influences still existed in the culture - which permitted them to get away with discarding intellectual concerns and

playing the fashionable game of undercutting reason, while believing that somebody else would always be there to provide them with a civilized world.

Of any one group involved, it is not the comprachicos who are the guiltiest, it is the parents—particularly the educated ones who could afford to send their children to Progressive nursery schools. Such parents would do anything for their children, except give them a moment's thought or an hour's critical inquiry into the nature of the educational institutions to be selected. Prompted chiefly by the desire to get the children off their hands and out of their way, they selected schools as they select clothes—according to the latest fashion. The comprachicos do not hide their theories and methods; they propagate them openly, in countless books, lectures, magazines and school brochures. Their theme is clear: they attack the intellect and proclaim their hatred of reason—the rest is gush and slush. Anyone who delivers a helpless child into their hands, does so because he shares their motives. Mistakes of this size are not made innocently.

There is, however, an innocent group of parents: the hardworking, uneducated ones who want to give their children a better chance in life and a brighter future than their own. These parents spend a lifetime in poverty, struggling, skimping, saving, working overtime to send their children through school (particularly, through college). They have a profound respect for the educated people, for teachers, for learning. They would not be able to conceive of the comprachico mentality—to imagine an educator who works, not to enlighten, but to cripple their children. Such parents are the victims of as vicious a fraud as any recorded in criminal history. (This last is one of the reasons to question the motives—and the compassion—of those unemployed busy-bodies who flitter about, protecting consumers from oversized breakfast-cereal boxes. What about the consumers of education?)

If you want to grasp what the comprachicos' methods have done to the mind of a high-school graduate, remember that the intellect is often compared to the faculty of sight. Try to project what you would feel if your eyesight were damaged in such a way that you were left with nothing but peripheral vision. You would sense vague, unidentifiable shapes floating around you, which would vanish when you tried to focus on them, then would reappear on the periphery and swim and switch and multiply. This is the mental state—and the terror—produced in their students by the comprachicos of Progressive education.

Can such a youth recondition his mental processes? It is possible, but the automatization of a conceptual method of functioning—which, in his nursery-school years, would have been an easy, joyous, natural process—would now require an excruciatingly difficult effort.

As an illustration of the consequences of delaying nature's timetable, consider the following. In our infancy, all of us had to learn and automatize the skill of integrating into percepts the material provided by our various sense organs. It was a natural, painless process

which—as we can infer by observing infants—we were eager to learn. But medical science has recorded cases of children who were born blind and later, in their youth or adulthood, underwent an operation that restored their sight. Such persons are not able to see, i.e., they experience sensations of sight, but cannot perceive objects. For example, they recognize a triangle by touch, but cannot connect it to the sight of a triangle; the sight conveys nothing to them. The ability to see is not innate—it is a skill that has to be acquired. But the material provided by these persons' other senses is so thoroughly integrated and automatized that they are unable instantly to break it up to add a new element, vision. This integration now requires such a long, difficult process of retraining that few of them choose to undertake it. These few succeed, after a heroically persevering struggle. The rest give up, preferring to stay in their familiar world of touch and sound—to remain sightless for life.

An unusual kind of moral strength and of personal ambition (i.e., of self-esteem) is required to regain one's sight: a profound love of life, a passionate refusal to remain a cripple, an intense dedication to the task of achieving the best within one's reach. The reward is commensurate.

The same kind of dedication and as difficult a struggle are required of a modern high-school graduate to regain his rational faculty. The reward is as great—or greater. In the midst of his chronic anxiety, he is still able to experience some moments of freedom, to catch a few glimpses of what life would be like in a joyous state of self-confidence. And one thing he does know for certain: that there is something wrong with him. He has a spring-board—a slender, precarious one, but still a springboard—for an incentive to recapture the use of his mind. The comprachicos destroy that incentive in the third stage of their job: in college.

#### IV

Most young people retain some hold on their rational faculty—or, at least, some unidentified desire to retain it—until their early twenties, approximately until their post-college years. The symptom of that desire is their quest for a comprehensive view of life.

It is man's rational faculty that integrates his cognitive material and enables him to understand it; his only means of understanding is conceptual. A consciousness, like any other vital faculty, cannot accept its own impotence without protest. No matter how badly disorganized, a young person's mind still gropes for answers to fundamental questions, sensing that all of its content hangs precariously in a vacuum.

This is not a matter of “idealism,” but of psycho-epistemological necessity. On the conscious level, the countless alternatives confronting him make a young person aware of the fact that he has to make choices and that he does not know what to choose or how to act. On

the subconscious level, his psycho-epistemology has not yet automatized a lethargic resignation to a state of chronic suffering (which is the “solution” of most adults)—and the painful conflicts of his inner contradictions, of his self-doubt, of his impotent confusion, make him search frantically for some form of inner unity and mental order. His quest represents the last convulsions of his cognitive faculty at the approach of atrophy, like a last cry of protest.

For the few brief years of his adolescence, a young person’s future is urgently, though dimly, real to him; he senses that he has to determine it in some unknown way.

A thinking youth has a vague glimmer of the nature of his need. It is expressed in his concern with broad philosophical questions, particularly with moral issues (i.e., with a code of values to guide his actions). An average youth merely feels helpless, and his erratic restlessness is a form of escape from the desperate feeling that “things ought to make sense.”

By the time they are ready for college, both types of youths have been hurt, in and out of school, by countless clashes with the irrationality of their elders and of today’s culture. The thinking youth has been frustrated in his longing to find people who take ideas seriously; but he believes that he will find them in college—in the alleged citadel of reason and wisdom. The average youth feels that things do not make sense to him, but they do to someone somewhere in the world, and someone will make the world intelligible to him someday.

For both of them, college is the last hope. They lose it in their freshman year.

It is generally known in academic circles that, according to surveys, the students’ interest in their studies is greatest in their freshman year and diminishes progressively each year thereafter. The educators deplore it, but do not question the nature of the courses they are giving.

With rare exceptions, which are lost in the academic “mainstream,” college courses in the humanities do not provide the students with knowledge, but with the conviction that it is wrong, naive or futile to seek knowledge. What they provide is not information, but rationalization—the rationalization of the students’ concrete-bound, perceptual, emotion-oriented method of mental functioning. The courses are designed to protect the status quo—not the existential, political or social status quo, but the miserable status quo of the students’ psycho-epistemology, as laid down in the Progressive nursery schools.

The Progressive nurseries pleaded for a delay of the process of education, asserting that cognitive training is premature for a young child—and conditioned his mind to an anti-cognitive method of functioning. The grade and high schools reinforced the conditioning: struggling helplessly with random snatches of knowledge, the student learned to associate a sense of dread, resentment and self-doubt with the process of learning. College completes the job, declaring explicitly—to a receptive audience — that there is nothing to learn, that reality

is unknowable, certainty is unattainable, the mind is an instrument of self-deception, and the sole function of reason is to find conclusive proof of its own impotence.

Even though philosophy is held in a (today) well-earned contempt by the other college departments, it is philosophy that determines the nature and direction of all the other courses, because it is philosophy that formulates the principles of epistemology, i.e., the rules by which men are to acquire knowledge. The influence of the dominant philosophic theories permeates every other department, including the physical sciences—and becomes the more dangerous because accepted subconsciously. The philosophic theories of the past two hundred years, since Immanuel Kant, seem to justify the attitude of those who dismiss philosophy as empty, inconsequential verbiage. But this precisely is the danger: surrendering philosophy (i.e., the foundations of knowledge) to the purveyors of empty verbiage is far from inconsequential. It is particularly to philosophy that one must apply the advice of Ellsworth Toohey in *The Fountainhead*: “Don’t bother to examine a folly, ask yourself only what it accomplishes.”

Consider the progressive stages of modern philosophy, not from the aspect of its philosophic content, but of its psycho-epistemological goals. When Pragmatism declares that reality is an indeterminate flux which can be anything people want it to be, nobody accepts it literally. But it strikes a note of emotional recognition in the mind of a Progressive nursery graduate, because it seems to justify a feeling he has not been able to explain: the omnipotence of the pack. So he accepts it as true in some indeterminate way—to be used when and as needed. When Pragmatism declares that truth is to be judged by consequences, it justifies his inability to project the future, to plan his course of action long-range, and sanctions his wish to act on the spur of the moment, to try anything once and then discover whether he can get away with it or not.

When Logical Positivism declares that “reality,” “identity,” “existence,” “mind” are meaningless terms, that man can be certain of nothing but the sensory perceptions of the immediate moment—when it declares that the meaning of the proposition: “Napoleon lost the battle of Waterloo” is your walk to the library where you read it in a book—the Progressive nursery graduate recognizes it as an exact description of his inner state and as a justification of his concrete-bound, perceptual mentality.

When Linguistic Analysis declares that the ultimate reality is not even percepts, but words, and that words have no specific referents, but mean whatever people want them to mean, the Progressive graduate finds himself happily back at home, in the familiar world of his nursery school. He does not have to struggle to grasp an incomprehensible reality, all he has to do is focus on people and watch for the vibrations of how they use words—and compete with his fellow philosophers in how many different vibrations he is able to discover. And more: armed with the prestige of philosophy, he can now tell people what they mean when



they speak, which they are unable to know without his assistance—i.e., he can appoint himself interpreter of the will of the pack. What had once been a little manipulator now grows to the full psycho-epistemological stature of a shyster lawyer.

And more: Linguistic Analysis is vehemently opposed to all the intellectual feats he is unable to perform. It is opposed to any kinds of principles or broad generalizations —i.e., to consistency. It is opposed to basic axioms (as “analytic” and “redundant”) —i.e., to the necessity of any grounds for one’s assertions. It is opposed to the hierarchical structure of concepts (i.e., to the process of abstraction) and regards any word as an isolated primary (i.e., as a perceptually given concrete). It is opposed to “system-building”—i.e., to the integration of knowledge.

The Progressive nursery graduate thus finds all his psycho-epistemological flaws transformed into virtues—and, instead of hiding them as a guilty secret, he can flaunt them as proof of his intellectual superiority. As to the students who did not attend a Progressive nursery, they are now worked over to make them equal his mental status.

It is the claim of Linguistic Analysis that its purpose is not the communication of any particular philosophic content, but the training of a student’s mind. This is true—in the terrible, butchering sense of a comprachico operation. The detailed discussions of inconsequential minutiae—the discourses on trivia picked at random and in midstream, without base, context or conclusion—the shocks of self-doubt at the professor’s sudden revelations of some such fact as the students’ inability to define the word “but,” which, he claims, proves that they do not understand their own statements—the countering of the question: “What is the meaning of philosophy?” with: “Which sense of ‘meaning’ do you mean?” followed by a discourse on twelve possible uses of the word “meaning,” by which time the question is lost—and, above all, the necessity to shrink one’s focus to the range of a flea’s, and to keep it there— will cripple the best of minds, if it attempts to comply.

“Mind-training” pertains to psycho-epistemology; it consists in making a mind automatize certain processes, turning them into permanent habits. What habits does Linguistic Analysis inculcate? Context-dropping, “concept-stealing,” disintegration, purposelessness, the inability to grasp, retain or deal with abstractions. Linguistic Analysis is not a philosophy, it is a method of eliminating the capacity for philosophical thought—it is a course in brain-destruction, a systematic attempt to turn a rational animal into an animal unable to reason.

Why? What is the comprachicos’ motive?

To paraphrase Victor Hugo: “And what did they make of these children? “Monsters. “Why monsters? “To rule.”

Man’s mind is his basic means of survival—and of self-protection. Reason is the most selfish human faculty: it has to be used in and by a man’s own mind, and its product —

truth—makes him inflexible, intransigent, impervious to the power of any pack or any ruler. Deprived of the ability to reason, man becomes a docile, pliant, impotent chunk of clay, to be shaped into any subhuman form and used for any purpose by anyone who wants to bother. There has never been a philosophy, a theory or a doctrine that attacked (or “limited”) reason, which did not also preach submission to the power of some authority. Philosophically, most men do not understand the issue to this day; but psycho-epistemologically, they have sensed it since prehistoric times. Observe the nature of mankind’s earliest legends—such as the fall of Lucifer, “the light-bearer,” for the sin of defying authority; or the story of Prometheus, who taught men the practical arts of survival. Power-seekers have always known that if men are to be made submissive, the obstacle is not their feelings, their wishes or their “instincts,” but their minds: if men are to be ruled, then the enemy is reason. Power-lust is a psycho-epistemological matter. It is not confined to potential dictators or aspiring politicians. It can be experienced, chronically or sporadically, by men in any profession, on any level of intellectual development. It is experienced by shriveled scholars, by noisy playboys, by shabby office managers, by pretentious millionaires, by droning teachers, by cocktail-chasing mothers—by anyone who, having uttered an assertion, confronts the direct glance of a man or a child and hears the words: “But that is not true.” Those who, in such moments, feel the desire, not to persuade, but to force the mind behind the direct eyes, are the legions that make the *comprachicos* possible.

Not all of the modern teachers are consciously motivated by power-lust, though a great many of them are. Not all of them are consciously aware of the goal of obliterating reason by crippling the minds of their students. Some aspire to nothing but the mean little pleasure of fooling and defeating too intelligently, persistently inquiring a student. Some seek nothing but to hide and evade the holes and contradictions in their own intellectual equipment. Some had never sought anything but a safe, undemanding, respectable position—and would not dream of contradicting the majority of their colleagues or of their textbooks. Some are eaten by envy of the rich, the famous, the successful, the independent. Some believe (or try to believe) the thin veneer of humanitarian rationalizations coating the theories of Kant or John Dewey. And all of them are products of the same educational system in its earlier stages. The system is self-perpetuating: it leads to many vicious circles. There are promising, intelligent teachers who are driven to despair by the obtuse, lethargic, invincibly unthinking mentalities of their students. The grade- and high-school teachers blame it on parental influences; the college professors blame it on the grade-and high-school teachers. Few if any, question the content of the courses. After struggling for a few years, these better teachers give up and retire, or become convinced that reason is beyond the grasp of most men, and remain as bitterly indifferent camp followers of the *comprachicos*’ advance.

But the comprachico leaders—past and present—are aware of their own motives. It is impossible to be consumed by a single passion without knowing its nature, no matter what rationalizations one constructs to hide it from oneself. If you want to see hatred, do not look at wars or concentration camps—these are merely its consequences. Look at the writings of Kant, Dewey, Marcuse and their followers to see pure hatred—hatred of reason and of everything it implies: of intelligence, of ability, of achievement, of success, of self—confidence, of self-esteem, of every bright, happy, benevolent aspect of man. This is the atmosphere, the leitmotif, the sense of life permeating today's educational establishment. (What brings a human being to the state of a comprachico? Self loathing. The degree of a man's hatred for reason is the measure of his hatred for himself.)

A comprachico leader does not aspire to the role of political dictator. He leaves it to his heir: the mindless brute. The comprachicos are not concerned with establishing anything. The obliteration of reason is their single passion and goal. What comes afterward has no reality to them; dimly, they fancy themselves as the masters who will pull the strings behind the ruler's throne: the brute, they feel, will need them. (That they end up as terrorized bootlickers at the brute's court and at his mercy, as in Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia, is merely an instance of reality's justice.)

Power-lust requires guinea pigs, to develop the techniques of inculcating obedience—and cannon fodder that will obey the orders. College students fill both roles. Psycho-epistemological flattery is the most potent technique to use on a person with a damaged brain. The Progressive nursery graduate's last link to rationality—the feeling that there is something wrong with him—is cut off in college. There is nothing wrong with him, he is told, his is the healthy, natural state, he is merely unable to function in a "System" that ignores human nature; he is normal, the "System" is abnormal.

The term "System" is left undefined, at first; it may be the educational system, the cultural system, the private family system—anything that a student might blame for his inner misery. This induces a paranoid mood, the feeling that he is an innocent victim persecuted by some dark, mysterious powers—which builds up in him a blind, helpless rage. The theories of determinism—with which he is battered in most of his courses—intensify and justify his mood: if he is miserable, he cannot help it, they tell him, he cannot help anything he feels or does, he is a product of society and society has made a bad job of it. By the time he hears that all his troubles—from poor grades to sexual problems to chronic anxiety—are caused by the political system and that the enemy is capitalism, he accepts it as self-evident.

The methods of teaching are essentially the same as those used in high school, only more so. The curriculum is an embodiment of disintegration—a hodgepodge of random subjects, without continuity, context or purpose. It is like a series of Balkanized kingdoms, offering a

survey course of floating abstractions or an overdetailed study of a professor's favorite minutiae, with the borders closed to the kingdom in the next classroom, with no connections, no bridges, no maps. Maps— i.e., systematization—are forbidden on principle. Cramming and memorizing are the students' only psycho-epistemological means of getting through. (There are graduates in philosophy who can recite the differences between the early and late

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Wittgenstein, but have never had a course on Aristotle. There are graduates in psychology who have pattered about with rats in mazes, with knee-jerking reflexes and with statistics, but never got to an actual study of human psychology.)

The "discussion" seminars are part of the technique of flattery: when an ignorant adolescent is asked to air his views on a subject he has not studied, he gets the message that the status of college student has transformed him from an ignoramus into an authority—and that the significance of any opinion lies in the fact that somebody holds it, with no reasons, knowledge or grounds necessary. (This helps to justify the importance of watching for the vibrations of the pack.)

Such "discussions" advance another purpose of the comprachico technique: the breeding of hostility—the encouragement of criticism rather than creativeness. In the absence of any reasoned views, the students develop the knack of blasting each other's nonsense (which is not difficult in the circumstances) and come to regard the demolition of a bad argument as the equivalent of the construction of a good one. (The example is set by the professors who, in their own publications and debates, are often brilliant at demolishing one another's irrational theories, but fall flat in attempting to present a new theory of their own.) In the absence of intellectual content, the students resort to personal attacks, practicing with impunity the old fallacy of ad hominem, substituting insults for arguments—with hooligan rudeness and four-letter words accepted as part of their freedom of speech. Thus malice is protected, ideas are not. The unimportance of ideas is further stressed by the demand that the nature of such "discussions" be ignored and the participants remain "good friends"—no matter what offensive exchanges took place—in the name of "intellectual tolerance."

An eloquent demonstration of today's general contempt for the power of ideas is offered by the fact that people did not expect an education of this kind to produce any consequences—and are now shocked by the spectacle of college students putting into practice what they have been taught. If, after such a training, the students demand the power to run the universities, why shouldn't they? They were given that power intellectually and decided to exercise it existentially. They were regarded as qualified arbiters of ideas, without knowledge, preparation or experience—and they decided that they were qualified administrators, without

knowledge, preparation or experience.

The students' demand that their courses be "relevant" to their actual lives has a badly twisted element of validity. The only purpose of education is to teach a student how to live his life—by developing his mind and equipping him to deal with reality. The training he needs is theoretical, i.e., conceptual. He has to be taught to think, to understand, to integrate, to prove. He has to be taught the essentials of the knowledge discovered in the past—and he has to be equipped to acquire further knowledge by his own effort. All of this is what the colleges have renounced, failed in and defaulted on long ago. What they are teaching today has no relevance to anything—neither to theory nor practice nor reality nor human life.

But—in keeping with their concrete-bound psycho-epistemology—what the students regard as "relevant" are such things as courses in "community action," air pollution, rat-control and guerrilla warfare. Their criteria for determining a college curriculum are the newspaper headlines of the immediate moment, their hierarchy of concerns is established by tabloid editorials, their notion of reality does not extend beyond the latest TV talk-show. Modern intellectuals used to denounce the influence of comic strips on children; the progress they achieved consists in pushing the children's interest to the front pages and freezing it there for life.

The conditioning phase of the *comprachicos*' task is completed. The students' development is arrested, their minds are set to respond to slogans, as animals respond to a

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trainer's whistle, their brains are embalmed in the syrup of altruism as an automatic substitute for self-esteem—they have nothing left but the terror of chronic anxiety, the blind urge to act, to strike out at whoever caused it, and a boiling hostility against the whole of the universe. They would obey anyone, they need a master, they need to be told what to do. They are ready now to be used as cannon fodder—to attack, to bomb, to burn, to murder, to fight in the streets and die in the gutters. They are a trained pack of miserably impotent freaks, ready to be unleashed against anyone. The *comprachicos* unleash them against the "System."

## V

In the avalanche of commentaries on the campus riots, a great deal has been said about the students, as if those manifestations of savagery were spontaneous, and about the college administrators, as if their policies of abject appeasement were "repressive"—but very little is said about the faculties. Yet it is the faculty that causes, inspires, manipulates and often stage-manages the riots. In some cases, the majority of the faculty supports the rioters; in others, it is a small *comprachico* minority that overpowers the faculty majority by spitting in its face.

(And if you want to see a negative demonstration of the power of ideas—i.e., a demonstration of what happens to men devoid of philosophical convictions—take a look at the cringing moral cowardice of allegedly civilized scholars in the presence of a handful of faculty hooligans. There have been notable exceptions to this attitude, but not many.)

For several generations, the destruction of reason was carried on under the cover and in the name of reason, which was the Kant-Hegel-James-Dewey method. When every girder of rationality had been undercut, a new philosophy made explicit what had been implicit, and took over the job of providing a rationalization of the students' psycho-epistemological state: Existentialism.

Existentialism elevates chronic anxiety into the realm of metaphysics. Fear, misery, nausea—it declares—are not an individual's fault, they are inherent in human nature, they are an intrinsic, predestined part of the "human condition." Action is the sole alleviation possible to man. What action? Any action. You do not know how to act? Don't be chicken, courage consists in acting without knowledge. You do not know what goals to choose? There are no standards of choice. Virtue consists in choosing a goal by whim and sticking to it ("committing yourself") to the grim death. It sounds unreasonable? Reason is man's enemy—your guts, muscles and blood know best.

For several generations, the destruction of freedom (i.e., of capitalism) was carried on under the cover and in the name of freedom. The genteel intellectual conformists, mass-produced in colleges, proclaimed every collectivist tenet, premise and slogan, while professing their abhorrence of dictatorship. When every girder of capitalism had been undercut, when it had been transformed into a crumbling mixed economy —i.e., a state of civil war among pressure groups fighting politely for the legalized privilege of using physical force—the road was cleared for a philosopher who scrapped the politeness and the legality, making explicit what had been implicit: Herbert Marcuse, the avowed enemy of reason and freedom, the advocate of dictatorship, of mystic "insight," of retrogression to savagery, of universal enslavement, of rule by brute force.

The student activists are the comprachicos' most successful products: they went obediently along every step of the way, never challenging the basic premises inculcated in the Progressive nursery schools. They act in packs, with the will of the pack as their only guide. The scramble for power among their pack leaders and among different packs does not make them

question their premises: they are incapable of questioning anything. So they cling to the belief that mankind can be united into one happily, harmoniously unanimous pack—by force. Brute, physical force is, to them, a natural form of action. Philosophically, it is clear that when men abandon reason, physical force becomes their only means of dealing with one another

and of settling disagreements. The activists are the living demonstration of this principle. The activists' claim that they have no way of "attracting attention" to their demands and of getting what they want except by force—by violent demonstrations, obstruction and destruction—is a pure throwback to the Progressive nursery school, where a tantrum was the only thing required to achieve their wishes. Their hysterical screaming still carries a touch of pouting astonishment at a world that does not respond to an absolute such as: "I want it!" The three-year-old whim-worshiper becomes the twenty-year-old thug.

The activists are a small minority, but they are confronting a helpless, confused, demoralized majority consisting of those who were unable fully to accept the school conditioning or fully to reject it. Among them, a large group represents the activists' fellow travelers and prospective converts: the hippies. The hippies froze on the Progressive nursery school level and went no further. They took the Progressive nursery's metaphysics literally—and are now wandering in search of a world to fit it.

The hippies' "lifestyle" is an exact concretization of the nursery's ideal: no thought—no focus—no purpose—no work—no reality save the whim of the moment—the hypnotic monotony of primitive music, with the even beat that deadens the brain and the senses—the brotherhood of the pack, combined with pretensions at expressing individuality, at "doing one's thing" in the haze and stench of grimy coffeehouses, which "thing" consists in the monotonous repetition of the same jerking contortions with the same long whine of sounds that had been emitted by others for days on end—the inarticulate extolling of emotions above reason, of "spirituality" above matter, of "nature" above technology—and, above all, the quest for love, anyone's love, any kind of love as the key to finding someone who will take care of them.

Clinging to their nursery ideal, the hippies live down to its essential demand: non-effort. If they are not provided with brightly furnished rooms and toys, they live in dank basements, they sleep on floors, they eat what they find in garbage cans, they breed stomach ulcers and spread venereal diseases—anything rather than confront that implacable enemy of whims: reality.

And out of all those variants of Progressive education's results, out of that spectacle of human self-degradation, there rises a grim, factual, unanswerable proof of the place of reason in man's nature and existence, as a silent warning to all the comprachicos and their allies: You can destroy men's minds, but you will not find a substitute—you can condition men to irrationality, but you cannot make them bear it—you can deprive men of reason, but you cannot make them live with what is left. That proof and warning is: drugs.

The most damning refutation of the theories of all the hippie-activist-Marcusian hordes is the drug-glazed eyes of their members. Men who have found the right way of life do not seek

to escape from awareness, to obliterate their consciousness and to drug themselves out of existence. Drug addiction is the confession of an unbearable inner state.

Drugs are not an escape from economic or political problems, they are not an escape from society, but from oneself. They are an escape from the unendurable state of a living being whose consciousness has been crippled, deformed, mutilated, but not eliminated, so that its mangled remnants are screaming that he cannot go on without it.

The phenomenon of an entire generation turning to drugs is such an indictment of today's culture—of its basic philosophy and its educational establishment—that no further evidence is necessary and no lesser causal explanation is possible.

If they had not been trained to believe that belonging to a pack is a moral and metaphysical necessity, would high-school children risk the physical destruction of their brains in order to belong to a pot-smoking “in-group”?

If they had not been trained to believe that reason is impotent, would college students take “mind-expanding” drugs to seek some “higher” means of cognition?

If they had not been trained to believe that reality is an illusion, would young persons take drugs to reach a “higher” reality that seems to obey their wishes, except that they are smashed on pavements in attempting to fly out of windows?

If a trained pack of commentators, sharing the same beliefs, did not glamorize the obscene epidemic of self-destruction—by means of such estimates as “idealistic,” “revolutionary, ... new life-style,” “new morality,” “drug culture”—would the young have any cover left to hide their own deep-down knowledge that drug addiction is nothing but a public confession of personal impotence?

It is the educational establishment that has created this national disaster. It is philosophy that has created the educational establishment. The anti-rational philosophic trend of the past two hundred years has run its course and reached its climax. To oppose it will require a philosophical revolution or, rather, a rebirth of philosophy. Appeals to “home, church, mother and tradition” will not do; they never did. Ideas can be fought only by means of ideas. The educational establishment has to be fought—from bottom to top, from cause to consequences, from nursery schools to universities, from basic philosophy to campus riots, from without and from within.

This last is addressed to the many intelligent youths who are aware of the state of higher education and refuse to go to college or, having gone, drop out in revulsion. They are playing into the comprachicos' hands. If the better minds desert the universities, this country will reach a situation in which the incompetent and the second-rate will carry the official badge of the intellect and there will be no place for the first-rate and independent to function or even



to hide. To preserve one's mind intact through a modern college education is a test of courage and endurance, but the battle is worth it and the stakes are the highest possible to man: the survival of reason. The time spent in college is not wasted, if one knows how to use the comprachicos against themselves: one learns in reverse—by subjecting their theories to the most rigorously critical examination and discovering what is false and why, what is true, what are the answers.

As to the drugged contingents of hippies and activists, I should like to address the following to those among them who may still be redeemable, as well as to those who may be tempted to join their hordes.

The modern comprachicos have an advantage over their ancient predecessors: when a victim was mutilated physically, he retained the capacity to discover who had done it. But when a victim is mutilated mentally, he clings to his own destroyers as his masters and his only protectors against the horror of the state which they have created; he remains as their tool and their play-thing—which is part of their racket.

If, in the chaos of your motives, some element is a genuine desire to crusade in a righteous cause and take part in a heroic battle, direct it against the proper enemy. Yes, the world is in a terrible state—but what caused it? Capitalism? Where do you see it, except for some battered remnants that still manage to keep us all alive? Yes, today's "Establishment" is a rotted structure of mindless, hypocrisy but who and what is the "Establishment"? Who directs it? Not the big businessmen, who mouth the same collectivist slogans as your professors and pour out millions of dollars to support them. Not the so-called "conservatives," who compete with your professors in attacking reason and in spreading the same collectivist-altruist-mystic notions. Not the Washington politicians, who are the eager dummies of your professorial ventriloquists. Not the communications media, who publicize your cause, praise your ideals and preach your professors' doctrines.

It is ideas that determine the actions of all those people, and it is the Educational Establishment that determines the ideas of a nation. It is your professors' ideas that have ruled the world for the past fifty years or longer, with a growing spread of devastation, not improvement—and today, in default of opposition, these ideas are destroying the world, as they destroyed your mind and self-esteem.

You are miserably helpless and want to rebel? Then rebel against the ideas of your teachers. You will never find a harder, nobler or more heroic form of rebellion. You have nothing to lose but your anxiety. You have your mind to win.

In conclusion, I should like to quote—for one of the guiltiest groups, the parents—a passage from *Atlas Shrugged*, which deals with Rearden's thoughts after the death of the Wet Nurse:

“He thought of all the living species that train their young in the art of survival, the cats who teach their kittens to hunt, the birds who spend such strident effort on teaching their fledglings to fly—yet man, whose tool of survival is the mind, does not merely fail to teach a child to think, but devotes the child’s education to the purpose of destroying his brain, of convincing him that thought is futile and evil, before he has started to think ....

“Men would shudder, he thought, if they saw a mother bird plucking the feathers from the wings of her young, then pushing him out of the nest to struggle for survival—yet that was what they did to their children.

“Armed with nothing but meaningless phrases, this boy had been thrown to fight for existence, he had hobbled and groped through a brief, doomed effort, he had screamed his indignant, bewildered protest—and had perished in his first attempt to soar on his mangled wings.

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## <sup>2</sup>Peter Gabriel Lyrics

### "Solsbury Hill"

Climbing up on Solsbury Hill I could see the city light Wind was blowing, time stood still Eagle flew out of the night He was something to observe Came in close, I heard a voice Standing stretching every nerve Had to listen had no choice  I did not believe the information (I) just had to trust imagination My heart going boom boom boom "Son," he said "Grab your things, I've come to take you home."  <u>To keep in silence I resigned</u> <u>My friends would think I was a nut</u> <u>Turning water into wine</u> <u>Open doors would soon be shut</u> <u>So I went from day to day</u> <u>Though my life was in a rut</u> <u>'Til I thought of what I'd say</u> <u>Which connection I should cut</u>	<u>I was feeling part of the scenery</u> <u>I walked right out of the machinery</u> <u>My heart going boom boom boom</u> <u>"Hey" he said "Grab your things</u> <u>I've come to take you home."</u> <u>(Ay, back home.)</u>  <u>When illusion spin her net</u> <u>I'm never where I want to be</u> <u>And liberty she pirouette</u> <u>When I think that I am free</u> <u>Watched by empty silhouettes</u> <u>Who close their eyes but still can see</u> <u>No one taught them etiquette</u> I will show another me <u>Today I don't need a replacement</u> <u>I'll tell them what the smile on my face meant</u> <u>My heart going boom boom boom</u> <u>"Hey" I said "You can keep my things,</u> <u>they've come to take me home."</u>
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### <sup>3</sup>The I-95 "Asshole" Song

Well I was driving down I-95 the other night  
When somebody nearly cut me right off the road  
I decided it wasn't going to do any good to get mad  
So I wrote a song about him instead. It goes like this...

Were you bo-rn an asshole, or did you work at it your whole life?  
Either way it worked out fine, 'cause you're an ass-hole tonight

Yes you're an A-SSHOLE, and don't you try to blame it on me  
You deserve all the credit, you're an asshole tonight

You were an assho-le yesterday, you're an ass-hole tonight  
And I've got a feeling, you'll be an asshole the rest of your life

And I was talking to your mother, just the other night  
I told her I thought you were an asshole, she said "yes, I think you're right"

And a-ll your friends are assholes, 'cause you've known them your whole life  
And somebo-dy told me, you've got an asshole for a wife

Were you bo-rn an asshole, or did you work at it your whole life?  
Either way it worked out fine, 'cause you're an ass-hole tonight.

<sup>4</sup> Beings of the other side feel alienated by humans; due to our manufactured misconceptions about them promoted by xtian religion, most people fear other beings as evil. They are not; They feel themselves to be alien and uncompanied; every man's hand is against them, and in consequence it all too often happens that their hand is against everyone and they develop a playful mischief, though there is seldom calculated evil-doing. Gratitude, compassion, good faith, morality and common honesty are utterly foreign to their natures; they are amoral; they possess the virtues of absolute sincerity and great courage; they have their code of ethics; this is all they know. They show a facile and demonstrative affection towards those they like, but quickly forget them. Gratitude and pity are unknown to their nature. Towards those they dislike they are pettily malicious, and in all relations of life they are utterly irresponsible. They have the beauty and aloofness and charm of the cat, and the amusing, mischievous destructiveness of the monkey. Most people are fascinated by them because they bring with them a sense of unearthly beauty and a quickening of the life-forces.  
Dion Fortune.